

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
CHOICE SONGS.

*ANNA with an angels's air,  
Sweet her notes, her face as fair,  
Vassals and kings  
Feel when she sings,  
Charms of warbling beauty near.*

VOLUME IV.

ETTRICK BANKS.

I.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,  
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,  
I met my lassie braw and tight,  
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:  
My heart grew light, I ran I sang  
My arms about her lily neck,  
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang:  
My words they were na mony, feck.

II.

I said, my lassie, will ye go  
To the highland hills the Earse to learn?  
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,  
When ye come to the brig of Earn.

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At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,  
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;  
 Chear up your heart my bonny lass,  
 There's gear to win we never saw.

## III.

All day when we have wrought enough,  
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,  
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,  
 At night when you sit down to spin,  
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:  
 And thus the weary night will end,  
 Till the tender kid and lamb time bring  
 Our pleasant summer back again.

## IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,  
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,  
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,  
 And lead you to my summer shield.  
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,  
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,  
 We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,  
 And gar the longest day seem short.

## The Birks of INVERMAY.

## I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
 Like them, improve the hour that flies;  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

## II.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter will appear,  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade;

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er  
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

## II.

The laverocks now and lintwhite sing,  
 The rocks around with echoes ring ;  
 The mavis and the blackbird vie,  
 In tuneful strains to glad the day.  
 The wood now wear their summer-suits,  
 To mirth all nature now invites ;  
 Let us be blythsome then and gay  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

## IV.

Behold the hills and vales around  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs  
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;  
 The busy bees with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;  
 Let us like them, then sing and play  
 About the birks of Invermay.

## V

Hark, how the waters as they fall,  
 Loudly, my love, to gladness call ;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams.  
 The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance ;  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

## HERO and LEANDER.

## An old BALLAD.

## I.

LEANDER on the bay  
 Of Hellisport all naked stood,  
 Impatient of delay,  
 He leap'd into the fatal flood :

The raging seas,  
Whom none can please,  
'Gainst him their malice show,  
The heavens lour'd,  
The rain down pour'd,  
And loud the winds did blow.

## II.

Then casting round his eyes  
Thus of his fate he did complain :  
Ye cruel rocks, and skies !  
Ye stormy winds, and angry main,  
What 'tis to miss  
The lovers bliss,  
Alas ! ye do not know ;  
Make me your wreck  
As I come back,  
But spare me as I go.

## III.

Lo ! yonder stands the tower  
Where my beloved Hero lies,  
And this is the appointed hour  
Which sets to watch her longing eyes.  
To his fond suit  
The gods were mute ;  
The billows answer, No ;  
Up to the skies  
The furies rise,  
But sink the youth as low.

## IV.

Mean while the wishing maid  
Divided 'twixt her care and love,  
Now does his stay upbraid ;  
Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :  
O fate ! said she,  
Nor heaven nor thee,  
Our vows shall e'er divide.  
— I'd leap this wall,  
Cou'd I but fall  
By my Leander's side.

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## V.

At length the rising sun  
 Did to her sight reveal too late,  
 That Hero was undone ;  
 Not by Leander's fault but fate.  
 Said she I'll shew,  
 Tho' we are two,  
 Our loves were ever one ;  
 This proof I'll give,  
 I will not live,  
 Nor shall he die alone.

## VI.

Down from the wall she leapt  
 Into the raging seas to him,  
 Courting each wave she met,  
 To teach her weary'd arms to swim ;  
 The sea gods wept,  
 Nor longer kept  
 Her from her lover's side,  
 When join'd at last,  
 She grasp'd him fast,  
 Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

Rare WILLY drown'd in YARROW.

## I.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,  
 And Willy's wondrous bonny ;  
 And willy height to marry me,  
 Gin e'er he married ony.

## II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
 This night I'll make it narrow ;  
 For a' the live-lang winter night  
 I lie twin'd of my marrow.

## III.

O came you by yon water-side,  
 Pou'd you the rose or lily ?  
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?  
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,  
 She fought him braid and narrow;  
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig  
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

### The King and the Miller.

#### I.

How happy a state does the miller possess!  
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.  
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go?  
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;  
 A clown in his dress may be honest far,  
 Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

#### II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,  
 The hands of his betters are not very clean;  
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,  
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.  
 What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,  
 He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks,  
 In this of right noble example he brags,  
 Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

#### III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,  
 In this too he mimicks the tools of the state,  
 Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,  
 And all his concerns to bring grist to his mill;  
 He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,  
 And down when he's weary contented does ly,  
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing;  
 If so happy a *mill*er, then who'd be a *king*?

## TAMO TANTO.

## I.

So much I love thee, O my treasure!  
 That my flame no bound does know;  
 O! look upon your swain with pleasure,  
 For his pain some pity show.

## II.

Oh my charmer tho' I leave you,  
 Yet my heart with you remains;  
 Let not then my absence grieve you,  
 Since with pride I wear your chains.

## The beautiful Singer.

SINGING charms the blest'd above,  
 Angels sing, and saints approve;  
 All we below  
 Of Heaven can show  
 Is that they both sing and love.

## II.

Anna, with an angel's air,  
 Sweet her notes, her face as fair;  
 Vassals and kings  
 Feel when she sings,  
 Charms of warbling beauty near.

## III.

Savage nature conquer'd lies,  
 All is wonder and surprise;  
 Souls expiring,  
 Hearts a-firing,  
 By her charming notes and eyes.

## IV.

Let the violin and harp  
 Hang and moulder till they warp;  
 Let the flute and lyre  
 In dust expire,  
 Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.



## Sweet William's Ghost.

## I.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,  
With many a grievous groan,  
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,  
But answer made she none.

## II.

Is that my father Philip,  
Or is't my brother John?  
Or is't my true love Willy  
From Scotland new come home.

## III.

'Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John;  
But 'tis thy true love Willy  
From Scotland new come home.

## IV.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !  
I pray thee speak to me ?  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
As I gave it to thee.

## V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kifs my cheek and chin.

## VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man ;  
And should I kifs thy rosy lips,  
Thy days will not be lang.

## VII.

O sweet Marg'ret ; *&c. as 4th stanza.*

## VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,  
And wed me with a ring.

## IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
 As far beyond the sea ;  
 And it is but my spirit Marg'ret,  
 That's now speaking to thee.

## X.

She stretched out her lily-white hand,  
 And for to do her best,  
 Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,  
 God send your soul good rest.

## XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green  
 A piece below her knee,  
 And a' the live lang winter night  
 The dead corpse follow'd she.

## XII.

Is there any room at your head, Willy?  
 Or any room at your feet?  
 Or any room at your side, Willy,  
 Wherein that I may creep?

## XIII.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;  
 There's no room at my feet ;  
 There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,  
 My coffin's made so meet.

## XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,  
 And up then crew the grey,  
 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
 That you were going away.

## XV.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,  
 But with a grievous groan  
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,  
 And left her all alone.

## XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,  
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd ;  
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,  
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

## Great Lamentation for the Loss of sweet SENISINO.

## I.

As musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,  
A beautiful creature was making her moan ;  
Oh the tears they did trickle full fast from her eyes ;  
She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.  
*Ob ! the tears, &c.*

## II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,  
She told me her sweet Senisino was flown ;  
And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,  
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.  
*And in, &c.*

## III.

Why, who is the mortal so cruel, said I,  
That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye ;  
To beauty so blooming what man can be blind,  
To passion so tender what monster unkind !  
*To beauty, &c.*

## IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,  
That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,  
My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,  
Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.  
*My warbler celestial, &c.*

## V.

Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some blackbird, said I,  
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;  
Come, dry up your tears and abandon your grief,  
I'll bring you another to give you relief.  
*Come dry, &c.*

## VI.

No linnet, no blackbird, no sky lark, said she,  
But one much more tuneful by far than all three ;  
My sweet Senisino, for whom I now cry,  
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.  
*My sweet, &c.*

## VII.

Adieu, Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,  
 Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies;  
 Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,  
 My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.  
*Adieu, &c.*

## The Virgin's Prayer.

## I.

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid;  
 Bring thy quiver to her aid;  
 With equal ardour wound the swain;  
 Beauty should ne'er sigh in vain.

## II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,  
 Drive thy arrows thro' his heart;  
 When one you wound you then destroy  
 When both you kill you kill with joy.

## Ungrateful NANNY.

## I.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,  
 As I ungrateful Nanny do?  
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,  
 Or ever broken heart so true?  
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
 Has never wet a cheek for me.

## II.

If Nanny call'd, did ere I stay,  
 Or linger when she bid me run?  
 She only had the word to say,  
 And all she wish'd was quickly done.  
 I always think of her, but she  
 Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

## III.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
 Have I not rose by break of day?



Did ever Nanny's heifers fast  
If Robin in his barn had hay?  
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

## IV.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,  
I cheartfully did give her two;  
And I her lambs did safely keep  
Within my folds in frost and snow;  
Have they not there from cold been free?  
But Nanny still is cold to me.

## V.

When Nanny to the well did come,  
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
Full as they were I brought them home;  
Her corn I carried to the mill;  
My back did bear the sack, but she  
Will never bear a sight of me.

## VI.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best;  
Within this week her pigeons have  
Eat up a peck of pease at least.  
Her little pigeons kiss, but she  
Will never take a kiss from me.

## VII.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
And Nanny will on Robin frown?  
Alas! poor wretch what shall I do,  
If Nanny does not love me soon!  
If no relief to me she'll bring,  
I'll hang me in her apron string.

## The Scullion's complaint.

By the side of a great kitchen fire,  
A scullion so hungry was laid,  
A pudding was all his desire;  
A kettle supported his head.

The hogs that were fed by the house,  
 To his sighs with a grunt did reply;  
 And the gutter that car'd not a louse,  
 Ran mournfully muddily by.

## II.

But when it was set in a dish,  
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
 My mouth it does water, and with,  
 I think it had better been fry'd.  
 The butter around it was spread,  
 'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:  
 Oh! might I but eat it, he said,  
 The proof of the pudding lies there.

## III.

How foolish was I to believe  
 It was made for so homely a clown;  
 Or that it would have a reprieve  
 From the dainty fine folks of the town?  
 Could I think that a pudding so fine  
 Would ever uneaten remove?  
 We labour that others may dine,  
 And live in a kitchen on love.

## IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought  
 Where puddings we boil and we fry,  
 Tho' part of it hither be brought,  
 And none of it ever set by?  
 Ah Colin! thou must not be first,  
 Thy knife and thy trencher resign;  
 There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,  
 And her turn comes sooner than mine.

## V.

And you my companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me so pale,  
 Whatever I suffer forbear,  
 Forbear at a pudding to rail.  
 Tho' I shou'd thro' all the rooms rove,  
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;  
 'Tis its fate to be often above,  
 'Tis mine still to want it below.

## VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
 In your breasts any pity be found,  
 Ye servants that earliest dine,  
 Come see how I lie on the ground;  
 Then hang up a pan and a pot,  
 And sorrow to see how I dwell;  
 And say, when you grieve at my lot,  
 Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

## VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,  
 Which you set in your dishes so prim,  
 Where sauce in the middle does flow,  
 And flowers are strew'd round the brim:  
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,  
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,  
 Unless when he sees the round moon,  
 He thinks on a pudding above.

## The HUNTER's Song.

## I.

WHEN betimes on the morn to fields we repair,  
 We range where the chace may be seated;  
 At the sound of the horn all disturbance and care  
 Flies away from the din as defeated.

## II.

Then Jouler did roar, hearing Tolier before,  
 Brave music makes Sweet-lips and Mally,  
 At the sound of the noise the hunter's rejoice,  
 And the squat makes the ratches to rally.

## III.

Then casting about, we find her anew,  
 And we raise them a haloo to cheer them;  
 The echoes around from the mountains resound,  
 Rejoicing all hearts ~~that~~ do hear them.

## IV.

And when she turns weak, and her life's at the stake,  
 We take care to make her a seizure;

And soon as we kill, we recover at will,  
And home we return at our leisure.

## V.

And when we come home, our kind loving dames  
With the best of good cheer can provide us,  
Good liquors abound, and healths go round,  
Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

## VI.

Then we rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,  
Having enough of our own, none to borrow:  
Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing?  
We're the same just to-day as to-morrow.

## The JOLLY BENDER.

## I.

BACCHUS must now his power resign,  
I am the only god of wine;  
It is not fit that wretch should be  
In competition set with me,  
Who can drink ten times more than he.

## II.

Make a new world ye powers divine,  
Stock it with nothing else but wine;  
Let wine the only product be,  
Let wine be earth, be air, and sea,  
And let that wine be all for me.

## III.

Let wretched mortals vainly wear  
A tedious life in anxious care,  
Let the ambitious toil and think,  
Let states and empires swim or sink,  
My soul's ambition is to drink.



## The HAY-MAKER's Song.

## I.

COME, neighbours, now we've made our hay,  
The sun in haste  
Drives to the west,  
With sports, with sports conclude the day;  
Let every man chuse out his lass,  
And then salute her on the grass;  
And when you find  
She's coming kind,  
Let not that moment pass;  
Then we'll tofs off our bowls,  
To true love and honour,  
To all kind loving girls,  
And the lord of the manor.

## II.

At night when round the hall we sit,  
With good brown bowls  
To chear our souls,  
And raise, and raise a merry chat;  
When blood grows warm and love runs high,  
And jokes around the table fly,  
Then we retreat, and that repeat  
And that repeat  
Which all would gladly try;  
Then we'll tofs off our bowls,  
To true love and honour,  
To all kind loving girls,  
And the lord of the manor.

## III.

Let lazy great ones of the town  
Drink night away,  
And sleep all day,  
Till gouty, gouty they are grown;  
Our daily works such vigour give  
That nightly sports we oft revive,

And kiss our dames,  
 With stronger flames,  
 Than any prince alive :  
 Then we'll tosse off our bowls,  
 To true love and honour,  
 To all kind loving girls,  
 And the lord of the manor.

WATTY and MADGE.

In imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'Twas at the shining mid-day hour,  
 When all began to gaunt,  
 That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,  
 And the poor lad grew faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham  
 That lang in reek had hung,  
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand  
 That held his hazel rung.

III.

So wad the softest face appear  
 Of the maist dressy spark,  
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,  
 Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heath'ry bush  
 Beneath his bonnet blew,  
 On his braid cheeks frae lug to lug,  
 His bairdy bristles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,  
 Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,  
 And nothing now but solid gear  
 Could give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,  
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,

Sunk down into the chimney nook  
With visage four and wan.

## VII.

Get up, he eries, my crisshy love,  
Support my sinking faul  
With something that is fit to chew,  
Be't either het or caul.

## VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,  
When the best cures for grief  
Are cogue fous of thy lythy kail,  
And a good junt of beef:

## IX.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,  
I but o'er justly trow'd  
Your love was thowless, and that ye  
For cake and pudding woo'd.

## X.

Bethink thee, Watty on that night,  
When all were fast asleep,  
How ye kifs'd me frac cheek to cheek  
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

## XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,  
And comfort of your fight?  
How cou'd ye roose my dimpled hand,  
Now all my dimples slight?

## XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,  
To bind my locks fae brown?  
Why did you me fine garters height,  
Yet let my hose fa' down!

## XIII.

O faithless Watty think how ast  
I merit your sarks and hose!  
For you how many bannocks stown,  
How many cogues of brose!

## XIV.

But hark!—the kail-bell rings, and I  
Maun gae link aff the pot;

Come see, ye haash, how fair I sweat,  
To stegh your guts ye sot,

## XV.

The grace was said, the Master serv'd,  
Fat Madge return'd again,  
Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,  
And sidg'd he was fac fain.

## XVI.

He hy'd him to the favoury bench,  
Where a warm haggies stood,  
And gart his gully thro' the bag  
Let out its fat heart's blood.

## XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, come eat dear Madge  
Of this delicious fare ;  
Sync claw'd it aff most cleverly,  
Till he could eat nae mair.

## CELTA in a JESSAMINE bower.

## I.

WHEN the bright God of day  
Drove westward his ray,  
And the evening was charming and clear,  
The swallows amain  
Nimbly skim o'er the plain ;  
And our shadows like giants appear.

## II.

In a jessamine bower,  
When the bean was in flower,  
And zephyrs breath odours around,  
Lov'd Celia she sat  
With her song and spinet,  
And she charm'd all the grove with her sound.

## III.

Rosy bowers she sung,  
Whilst the harmony rung,  
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive,  
The industrious bees,  
From the flowers and trees,  
Gently hum with their sweets to the hive.



## IV.

The gay god of love,  
 As he flew o'er the grove,  
 By zephyrs conducted along;  
 As she touch'd on the strings,  
 He beat time with his wings,  
 And echo repeated the song.

## V.

O ye mortals beware  
 How ye venture too near,  
 Love doubly is armed to wound;  
 Your fate you can't shun,  
 For you're surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the found.

Were not my heart light, I wad die.

## I.

THERE was anes a May, and she loo'd na men,  
 She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen,  
 But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day,  
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.  
*But now she cries dool! &c.*

## II.

When bonny young Jonny came o'er the sea,  
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
 He heicht me baith rings and mony braw things;  
 And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*He heicht, &c.*

## III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,  
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;  
 She rais'd such a pothier 'twixt him and his mother,  
 That were na my heart light I wad die.  
*She rais'd &c.*

## IV.

The day it was set and the bridal to be,  
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;

She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.  
*She main'd, &c.*

## V.

His kin was for aye of a higher degree,  
Said, what had he to do with the like of me?  
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Jonny;  
And were na my heart light, I wad die.  
*Albeit, &c.*

## VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor ca's,  
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,  
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee;  
And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*Nor pickles of, &c.*

## VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee,  
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;  
And then she ran in and made a loud din;  
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.  
*And then she, &c.*

## VIII.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,  
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new;  
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,  
And casts himsell dowie upon the corn bing.  
*But now, &c.*

## IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
The live lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,  
And were na my heart light I wad die.  
*The live lang, &c.*

## X.

Were I young for thee as I hae been;  
We should hae been gallopping down on yon green,  
And linking it on the lily white lee;  
And wow gin I were but young for thee.  
*And linking, &c.*

Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your soul possess'd,  
And none more lov'd your bosom press'd,  
Ye gods, what king like me was blest'd,  
When kind Jeany lo'ed me!

Hey ho Jeany, youth he,  
Kind Robin lo'es thee.

JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,  
Nor Kate with me your heart did share;  
What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,  
When kind Robin lo'ed me!

*Hey ho Robin, &c.*

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart  
Kate who sings with so much art,  
Whose life to save with mine I'd part;  
For kind Katy lo'es me.

*He ho, Jeany, &c.*

JEANY.

Paty now delights my eyes:  
He with equal ardour dies,  
Whose life to save I'd perish twice;  
For kind Paty lo'es me.

*Hey ho Robin, &c.*

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,  
And former love return again,  
To link us in the strongest chain?  
For kind Robin lo'es thee.

*Hey ho Jeany, &c.*

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind as kind can be,  
And thou more stormy than the sea  
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,  
If kind Robin lo'es me.

*Hey ho, Robin, &c.*

## O my heavy Heart!

Tune, *Broom of Cowdenknows.*

## I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,  
 Swells as 'twould burst in twain!  
 No tongue can e'er describe its smart,  
 Nor I conceal its pain.

## II.

Blow on, ye winds, descend soft rains,  
 To sooth my tender grief:  
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,  
 And yields me short relief.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## III.

In some lone corner would I fit,  
 Retir'd from human kind;  
 Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit  
 Can ease my anxious mind.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,  
 Torments my weary eyes,  
 And in dark shades I pass the day,  
 Where echo sleeping lies.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## V.

The sparkling stars which gaily shine,  
 And glitt'ring deck the night,  
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,  
 I sicken at their sight.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love  
 Who do their aid implore;  
 O learn of them and bliss the nymph  
 Who only you adore.  
*O my heart, &c.*



## VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,  
 The greatest bliss we know,  
 Arises from successful love,  
 If not the greatest wo.  
*O my heart, &c.*

## BELLASPELLING.

## I.

ALL you that would refine your blood,  
 As pure as sam'd Lewelling,  
 By water clear come every year,  
 And drink at Bellaspelling.  
 Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich  
 With rubies past the telling,  
 'Twill clear your skin, ere you have been  
 A month at Bellaspeling.

## II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,  
 When they come from their dwelling,  
 The kindling rose within them blows  
 While she's at Bellaspeling.  
 The fuddy brown just come from town,  
 Grows here as fresh as Helen;  
 Then back she goes to kill the beaux,  
 By dint of Bellaspelling.

## III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair  
 As Rofs or bright Dunkelling;  
 And Mars might make a fair mistake,  
 Were he at Bellaspelling.  
 We must submit as they think fit,  
 And there is no rebelling,  
 The reason's plain, the ladies reign  
 Our queens at Bellaspelling.

## IV.

By matchless charms and conqu'ring arms,  
 They have they way of quelling

Such desperate foes as dare oppose  
 Their power at Bellaspelling.  
 Cold water turns to fire and burns,  
 I know't, because I fell in  
 The happy stream where a fair dame  
 Did bathe at Bellaspelling.

## V.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,  
 And bring their Anne and Nell in  
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place  
 Can vie with Bellaspelling.  
 No politics, or subtil tricks,  
 No man his country selling;  
 We eat and drink, and never think,  
 Like rogues at Bellaspelling.

## VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,  
 They all come here pell mell in,  
 And they are sure to find a cure,  
 By drinking Bellaspelling.  
 Tho' dropsy fill you to the gill,  
 From chin to toe high swelling,  
 Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt  
 A cure at Bellaspelling.

## VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,  
 No sextons here are kneeling:  
 Come judge and try, you'll never die  
 While you're at Bellaspelling;  
 Except you feel darts tipt with steel,  
 Which here are very belle in,  
 When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,  
 You die at Bellaspelling.

## VIII.

Good cheer good air, much joy, no care,  
 Your sight, your taste, and smelling,  
 Your ears, your touch, transported much,  
 Each day at Bellaspelling.  
 Within this bound we all sleep sound,  
 No noisy dogs are yelling,

Except you wake for Celia's sake  
All night at Bellaspelling.

## IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,  
No lady keeps her cell in,  
But all partake the mirth we make,  
Who live at Bellaspelling.  
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,  
Unless I shou'd bring hell in ;  
But since we're here to heav'n so near,  
I can't at Bellaspelling.

## The wandering Beauty.

## I.

THE graces and the wand'ring loves  
Are fled to distant plains,  
To chase the fawns, or in the groves  
To wound admiring swains :  
With their bright mistress there they stay,  
Who turns their careless eyes  
From daily vict'ries ; yet each day  
Behold new triumphs in her way,  
And conquers as she flies ;  
*And conquers, &c.*

## II.

But see ! implor'd by moving prayers  
To change the lover's pain ;  
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,  
And brings the fair again.  
Proud mortals who this maid pursue,  
Think you she'll e'er resign ;  
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,  
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,  
Or you like her divine ;  
*Or you, &c.*

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## The Sweet Temptation.

## I.

Saw ye the nymph whom I adore?  
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?  
 And can you bid me love no more?  
 And can you think I feel no smart?

## II.

So many charms around her shine,  
 Who can the sweet temptation fly?  
 Spite of her scorn, she's so divine,  
 That I must love her, tho' I die.

## Bonny Barbara Allan.

## I.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,  
 That Sir John Graeme in the west country  
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

## II.

He sent his man down through the town  
 To the place where she was dwelling,  
 O haste, and come to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

## III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
 To the place whare he was lying,  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 Young man, I think you're dying.

## IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,  
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,  
 O the better for me ye's never be,  
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling.

## V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,  
 When ye was in the tavern a-drinking,



That ye made the healths go round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan.

## VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing ;  
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

## VII.

And slowly, slowly rose she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him ;  
And sighing said she could not stay,  
Since death of life had 'rest him.

## VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,  
It cry'd, Wo to Barbara Allan.

## IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,  
O make it fast and narrow,  
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

## The TOPER's Petition.

## I.

O grant me, kind Bacchus,  
The god of the vine,  
Not a pipe nor a tun,  
But an ocean of wine,  
With a ship that's well mann'd  
With such rare hearted fellows,  
Who ne'er left the tavern  
For a porterly ale house.

## II.

Let the ship spring a leak  
To let in the tippie,  
Without pump or longboat,  
To save ship or people ;

So that each jolly lad  
 May always be bound,  
 Or to drink, or to drink,  
 Or to drink or be drown'd.

## III.

When death does prevail,  
 It is my design  
 To be nobly entomb'd  
 In a wave of good wine :  
 So that living or dead,  
 Both body and spirit,  
 May float round the world  
 In an ocean of claret.

## The Relief by the Bowl.

SINCE drinking has power to bring us relief,  
 Come fill up the bowl, and the pox on all grief :  
 If we find that wont do, we'll have such another ;  
 And so we'll proceed from one bowl to another ;  
 Till, like sons of Apollo, we make our wit soar,  
 Or in homage to Bacchus, fall down on the floor.

Apollo and Bacchus were both merry souls,  
 Each of them delighted to toss off their bowls ;  
 Then let us, to shew ourselves mortals of merit,  
 Be toasting these gods in a bowl of good claret,  
 And then we shall each be deserving of praise :  
 But the man that drinks most shall go off with the bays.

## ON MASONRY.

## I.

By mason's art, th' aspiring dome  
 In various columns shall arise ;  
 All climates are their native home,  
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.  
 Heroes and kings revere their name,  
 And poets sing their deathless fame.

## II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise and brave,  
 Are titles they most justly claim :  
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,  
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim ;  
 Time shall their glorious acts inrol,  
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

## The COQUET.

## I.

FROM Whyte's and Will's,  
 To purling rills,  
 The love-sick Strephon flies ;  
 There full of wo,  
 His numbers flow,  
 And all in rhyme he dies.

## II.

The fair coquette,  
 With feign'd regret,  
 Invites him back to town ;  
 But when in tears  
 The lad appears,  
 She meets him with a frown.

## III.

Full oft the maid  
 This prank had play'd,  
 Till angry Strephon swore  
 And what is strange,  
 Tho' loath to change,  
 Would never see her more.

## GENTLY TOUCH, &amp;c.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,  
 Fill her soul with fond desire,  
 Softest notes will soothe her breast;

Pleasant dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant velvet bed,)  
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
Forming pillows for her head,  
Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
And indulging whispers found.

IMITATED.

I.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,  
Lay the mutton down to roast,  
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,  
In the dreeping-pan a toast;  
That my hunger may remove;  
Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dresser see it lies;  
Oh the charming white and red!  
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,  
On the sweetest grass it fed:  
Swiftly make the jack go round,  
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,  
Let the knives be sharp and clean;  
Pickles get of every sort,  
And a sallad crisp and green:  
Then with small beer and sparkling wine,  
O ye gods! how shall I dine.



## The Happy BEGGARS.

*Queen of the Beggars.*

How blest'd are beggar lasses,  
Who never toil for treasure,  
Who know no care but how to share  
Each day successive pleasure !  
Drink away, let's be gay,  
Beggars still with blifs abound,  
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling glafs goes round.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*First Woman.*

A fig for gaudy fashions,  
No want of cloaths oppresses ;  
We live at ease with rags and fleas,  
We value not our dresses.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Second Woman.*

We scorn all ladies washes,  
With which they spoil each feature,  
No patch nor paint our beauties want,  
We live in simple nature.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Third Woman.*

No cholic, spleen, or vapours,  
At morn or evening tease us ;  
We drink no tea, or ratafee ;  
When sick, a dram can ease us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Fourth Woman.*

That ladies act in private,  
By nature's soft compliance,  
We think no crime, when in our prime  
To kiss without a licence.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Fifth Woman.*

We know no shame or scandal,  
The beggars law befriends us ;

We all agree in liberty,  
And poverty defends us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

*Sixth Woman.*

Like jolly beggar wenches,  
Thus, thus we drown all sorrow;  
We live to-day, and ne'er delay  
Our pleasure till to-morrow.  
*Drink away, &c.*

LUCY and COLIN.

I.

Of Lei'ster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so sweet a face:  
Till luckless love and pining care  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

II.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale;  
When beating rains descend?  
So droop'd the slow consuming maid,  
Her life was near an end.  
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains,  
Take heed, ye easy fair;  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring;  
And shrieking at her window thrice,  
The raven flapp'd his wing:  
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn boding sound,  
And thus in dying words bespoke:  
The virgins weeping round:

## IV.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
"Which says I must not stay;  
"I see a hand you cannot see,  
"Which beckons me away.  
"By a false heart and broken vows,  
"In early youth I die;  
"Was I to blame, because his bride  
"Was thrice as rich as I?"

## V.

"Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,  
"Vows due to me alone;  
"Nor thou, fond maid receive his kiss,  
"Nor think him all thy own.  
"To morrow in the church to wed,  
"Impatient both prepare;  
"But know, fond maid, and know, false man,  
"That Lucy will be there.

## VI.

"Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,  
This bridegroom blyth to meet:  
"He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
"I in my winding-sheet."  
She spoke, she dy'd: her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blyth to meet;  
He in his wedding trim so gay,  
She in her winding sheet.

## VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts!  
How were these nuptials kept?  
The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.  
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell;  
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,  
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

## VIII.

From the vain bride (a bride no more)  
The varying crimson fled,

When stretch'd before her rival's corse,  
 She saw her husband dead,  
 Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,  
 Convey'd by trembling swains,  
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,  
 For ever now remains.

## IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,  
 And plighted maids are seen,  
 With garlands gay and true love-knots  
 They deck the sacred green.  
 But swain foresworn who'er thou art,  
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
 And fear to meet him here,

## DERMOT'S Cronoch.

## I.

ONE Sunday after mass,  
 Dermot and his lats  
 To the greenwood did pass,  
 All alone, all alone,  
 All alone, all alone,

## II.

He ask'd for a pogue,  
 And she call'd him a rogue,  
 And struck him with her brogue,  
 Ahon, ahon, ahon.

## III.

Said he, my dear shoy,  
 Why will you prove coy ?  
 Let us play, let us toy,  
 All alone, all alone,  
 All alone, all alone.

## IV.

If I were so mild,  
 You are so very wild,  
 You would get me a shild.  
 Ahon, ahon, ahon.



## V.

He brib'd her with fruits,  
And he brib'd her with nuts,  
Till a thorn prick'd her foots.

Haloo, haloo, haloo, haloo!

## VI.

Shall I pull it out?  
You will hurt me I doubt,  
And make me to shout,  
Haloo, haloo, haloo!

A Review of St. PAUL's Church, COVENT-GAR-  
DEN.

## I.

HAVING spent all my time  
Upon women and wine,  
I went to the church out of spite;  
But what the priest said  
Is quite out of my head,  
I resolv'd not to edify by't.

## II.

All the women I view'd,  
Both religious and lewd,  
From the fable top knot to the scarlets;  
An even wager I'd lay,  
That at a foul play,  
The house ne'er swarm'd so with harlots.

## III.

Madam lovely I saw,  
With her daughters in-law,  
Whom she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday;  
In the midst of her pray'rs  
She negotiates affairs,  
And signs assignations for Monday.

## IV.

Next a baron knight's daughter,  
 Whose own mother, taught her  
 By precept and practical notion,  
 To wear gaudy cloaths;  
 And ogle the beaux,  
 Was at church, to shew signs of devotion.

## V.

Next a lady of fame,  
 Whom we shall not name,  
 She'll give you no trouble in teaching;  
 She has a very fine book,  
 But ne'er on it does look,  
 And regards neither praying nor preaching.

## VI.

Madam Fair, there she sits  
 Almost out of her wits,  
 Betwixt vice and devotion debating;  
 She's as vitious as fair,  
 And has no bus'ness there,  
 To hear Master Tickle text-prating.

## VII.

From the corner of the square  
 Comes a hopeful young pair,  
 As religious as they see occasion;  
 But if patches or paint  
 Be true signs of a saint,  
 We've no reason to fear their damnation.

## VIII.

When thus he had done,  
 He bless'd every one  
 With his benediction the people:  
 So I run to the Crown,  
 Lest the church shou'd fall down,  
 And beat out my brains with the steeple.

## SUSAN'S Complaint and Remedy.

## I.

As down in the meadows I chanced to pass,  
 Oh! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,  
 Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,  
 And she on her head wore a garland of green;  
 Her lips were like rubies, and as for her eyes,  
 They sparkled like diamonds, or stars in the skies;  
 And as for her voice it was charming and clear,  
 And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

## II.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind?  
 Ah! why does he change like the wavering wind,  
 From one that is loyal in every degree?  
 Ah! why does he change to another from me?  
 Or does he take pleasure to torture me so?  
 Or does he delight in my sad overthrow?  
 Susanna will always prove true to her trust,  
 'Tis pity lov'd Willy should prove so unjust.

## III.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,  
 There did we pass the soft minutes away;  
 Then was I kiss'd and set down on his knee,  
 No man in the world was so loving as he.  
 And as he went forth to harrow and plow,  
 I milk'd him sweet fillabubs under my cow;  
 O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee!  
 No man in the world was so loving as he.

## IV.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair  
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his care:  
 He kisses her lip as she sits on his knee,  
 And says all the sweet things he once said to me;  
 But if she believe him, the false hearted-swain  
 Will leave her, and then she may with me complain.  
 For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,  
 Who once hath been faithless can never be true,

## V.

She finish'd her song and rose up to be gone,  
 When over the meadow came jolly young John,  
 Who told her that she was the joy of his life,  
 And if she'd consent, he wou'd make her his wife:  
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to church they went;  
 Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content,  
 Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue;  
 If men will be false, why shou'd women be true?

## The COBLER.

## I.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,  
 Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;  
 No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,  
 No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.

*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

## II.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy  
 If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy;  
 He'd laugh then and whistle and sing too most sweet,  
 Saying, Just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.

*Derry down.*

## III.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,  
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,  
 He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,  
 I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

*Derry down.*

## IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;  
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,  
 That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

*Derry down.*

## V.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,  
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:



Whenever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, and wou'd  
tear;

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

*Derry down.*

VI.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,  
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole:  
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

*Derry down.*

The bonny EARL of MURRAY.

I.

YE Highlands and ye lawlands,  
O where have you been,  
They have slain the Earl of Murray  
And they've laid him on the green!

*They have, &c.*

II.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley,  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi' you,  
But forbade you him to slay.

*I bade, &c.*

III.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh! he might have been a king.

*And the, &c.*

IV.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the ba':  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Was the flower amang them a'.

*And the, &c.*

V.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he play'd at the glove:

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh! he was the queen's love.

*And the, &c.*

## VI.

Oh, lang will his lady

Look o'er the castle Down,

Ere she see the Earl of Murray

Come sounding thro' the town.

*Ere she, &c.*

If e'er I do well 'tis a Wonder.

## I.

WHEN I was a young lad,

My fortune was bad;

If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder:

I spent all my means

On whores, bawds, and queans;

Then I got a commission to plunder

*Fal al de ral, &c.*

## II.

The hat that I have on,

So greasy is grown,

Remarkable 'tis for its shining;

'Tis stich'd all about,

Without button or loop,

And never a bit of a lining:

*Fal al de ral.*

## III.

The coat I have on,

So thread-bare is grown,

So out at the armpits and elbows,

That I look as absurd

As a sailor on board,

That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilboes.

*Fal al de ral.*

## IV.

My shirt it is tore

Both behind and before,

The colour is much like a cinder;

'Tis so thin and so fine,  
That it is my design  
To present it to the muses for tinder.  
*Fal al de ral.*

## V.

My blue fustian breeches  
Is wore to the stitches,  
My legs you may see what's between them;  
My pockets all four,  
I'm the son of a whore,  
If there's ever one farthing within them.  
*Fal al de ral.*

## VI.

I have stockings, 'tis true,  
But the devil a shoe,  
I'm oblig'd to wear boots, in all weather,  
Be damn'd the boot-soal,  
Curse on the spur-roll,  
Confounded be the upper-leather.  
*Fal al de ral.*

## VII.

Had ye then but seen  
The sad plight I was in,  
Ye'd not seen such a poet 'mongst twenty;  
I have nothing that's full,  
But my shirt and my skull,  
For my pockets and belly are empty.  
*Fal al de ral, &c.*

## The FUMBLER'S Rant.

## I.

Come carls a' of fumbler's ha',  
And I will tell you of your fate,  
Since we have married wives that's braw,  
And canna please them when 'tis late;  
A pint we'll take our hearts to cheer;  
What fauts we have our wives can tell:  
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,  
The auldest bairn we hae's oursell.

## II.

Christ'ning of weans we are rid of,  
 The parish priett 'tis he can tell,  
 We aw him nought but a grey goate,  
 The offering for the house we dwell.  
 Our bairns tocher is a' paid,  
 We're masters of the gear oursell;  
 Let either well or wae betide,  
 Here's health to a' the wives that's yell.

## III.

Our nibour's auld son and the lass,  
 Into the barn amang the strae,  
 He grips her in the dark beguess,  
 And after that comes meikle wae.  
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',  
 It cost the carl baith corn and hay;  
 We're quat of that with little din,  
 Sie crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

## IV.

Now, merry, merry may we be,  
 When we think on our nibour Robie,  
 The way the carl does we see,  
 Wi' his auld son and his daughter Maggy:  
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not?  
 The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:  
 We are not sae; gar fill the pot,  
 We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

## V.

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,  
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob, and Tam;  
 We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,  
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.  
 Foul sa' the cock he's spilt the play,  
 And I do trow he's but a fool;  
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,  
 For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

## VI.

Since we have met we'll merry be,  
 The foremost hame shall bear the mell;



I'll set me down, lest I be fee,  
 For fear that I shou'd bear't mysell.  
 And I quoth Rob, and down sat he,  
 The gear shall never me outride,  
 But we'll tak a soup of the barley-bree,  
 And drink to our yell fire-side.

The MATRON's Wish.

I.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,  
 And my visage looks pale;  
 When my forehead has wrinkles,  
 And my eye-sight does fail;  
 Let my words and my actions  
 Be free from all harm,  
 And may I have my old husband,  
 To keep my back warm.

CHORUS.

*The pleasures of youth  
 Are flowers but of May;  
 Our life's but a vapour,  
 Our body's but clay;  
 O let me live well,  
 Tho' I live but a day.*

II.

With a sermon on Sunday,  
 And a bible of good print;  
 With a pot on the fire,  
 And good viands in't;  
 With ale, beer, and brandy,  
 Both winter and summer,  
 To drink to my gossip,  
 And be pledg'd by my cummer.  
*The pleasures of, &c.*

## III.

With pigs and with poultry,  
 And some money in store,  
 To purchase the needful,  
 And to give to the poor :  
 With a bottle of Canary  
 To sip without sin,  
 And to comfort my daughter  
 Whene'er she lies in.

*The pleasures of, &c.*

## IV.

With a bed soft and easy  
 To rest on at night,  
 With a maid in the morning  
 To rise with the light ;  
 To do her work neatly,  
 And obey my desire,  
 To make the house clean,  
 And blow up the fire.

*The pleasures of, &c.*

## V.

With health and content,  
 And a good easy chair ;  
 With a thick hood and mantle,  
 When I ride on my mare,  
 Let me dwell near my cupboard,  
 And far from my foes,  
 With a pair of glass eyes  
 To clap on my nose.

*The pleasure of, &c.*

## VI.

And when I am dead,  
 With a sigh let them say,  
 Our honest old cummer's  
 Now laid in the clay ;  
 When young she was chearful,  
 No scold nor no whore ;  
 She assisted her neighbours,  
 And gave to the poor.

*Tho' the flower of her youth  
 In her age did decay,  
 Tho' her life like a vapour  
 Evānish'd away,  
 She liv'd well and happy  
 Unto her last day.*

### The FREE MASON's Song.

#### I.

COME let us prepare,  
 We brothers that are  
 Assembled on merry occasion:  
 Let's drink, laugh, and sing,  
 Our wine has a spring;  
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

#### II.

The world is in pain,  
 Our secret to gain,  
 And still let them wonder and gaze on:  
 They ne'er can divine  
 The word or the sign,  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

#### III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,  
 They cannot tell what,  
 Why so many great men of the nation  
 Should aprons put on,  
 To make themselves one;  
 With a free and an accepted mason.

#### IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,  
 Have laid by their swords,  
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,  
 And ne'er been asham'd  
 To hear themselves nam'd  
 With a free and an accepted mason.

## V.

Still firm to our trust,  
 In friendship we're just,  
 Our actions we guide by our reason:  
 By observing this rule,  
 The passions move cool  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

## VI.

All idle debate  
 About church or state,  
 The springs of impiety and treason:  
 These raisers of strife  
 Ne'er ruffle the life  
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

## VII.

Antiquity's pride  
 We have on our side,  
 Which adds high renown to our station;  
 There's nought but what's good  
 To be understood  
 By a free and an accepted mason.

## VIII.

The clergy embrace,  
 And all Aaron's race,  
 Our square actions their knowledge to place on;  
 And in each degree  
 They'll honoured be  
 With a free and an accepted mason.

## IX.

We're true and sincere  
 In our love to the fair,  
 Who will trust us on every occasion;  
 No mortal can more  
 The ladies adore  
 Than a free and an accepted mason?

## X.

Then join hand in hand,  
 T' each other firm stand,  
 Let's be merry and put a good face on;



What mortal can boast  
 So noble a toast  
 As a free and an accepted man?

### The SAILOR's Rant.

#### I.

How pleasant a Sailor's life passes,  
 Who roams o'er the watery main!  
 No treasure he ever amasses,  
 But chearfully spends all his gain.  
 We're strangers to party and faction,  
 To honour and honesty true;  
 And would not commit a bad action  
 For power or profit in view.

#### CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
 Or any such glittering toys?  
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches  
 Goes through the world brave boys.*

#### II.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,  
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.  
 When terrible tempests assail us,  
 And mountainous billows affright;  
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
 But skilful industry steers right.  
*Then why should, &c.*

#### III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
 Who rules at the helm of the state,  
 Than we, that to politics are strangers  
 Escape the snares laid for the great.  
 The various blessings of nature,  
 In various nations we try;

No mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
*Then why should, &c.*

A love SONG, in the modern Taste.

By Dr. SWIFT.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,  
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;  
 I'm a slave in thy dominions,  
 Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians ever blooming,  
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,  
 See my weary days consuming  
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,  
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,  
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,  
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;  
 Fair discretion, string the lyre,  
 Sooth my ever waking numbers  
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,  
 Arm'd in Adamantine chains,  
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors  
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,  
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows,  
 Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

## VII.

Melancholy, smooth Meander  
 Swiftly purling in a round,  
 On thy margin lovers wander,  
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

## VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,  
 Softly seeks her silent mate ;  
 See the birds of Juno stooping :  
 Melody resigns to fate.

## SYLVIA and the FLASK.

## I.

I Thank thee, my friend,  
 That at length you declare,  
 Why Sylvia's so coy,  
 As to shun me with care.  
 I mus'd every night,  
 And rack'd my poor soul,  
 To find out the cause  
 Of a falsehood so foul.

## II.

But she tells me she cannot  
 With claret agree,  
 That she thinks of a hog'shead  
 Whene'er she sees me :  
 That I smell like a beast,  
 And therefore that I  
 Must resolve to forsake her,  
 Or claret, good claret deny.

## III.

Ye gods ! was e'er it known  
 That beasts smell'd of wine ?  
 They brutishly abhor  
 A liquor so divine :  
 'Tis when we are most beasts,  
 When like them in common,

We eagerly go a hunting,  
For the next lewd woman.

## IV.

Must I leave my dear bottle,  
That has been ever my fricad,  
Which prolongs all my joys,  
To my grief puts an end?  
Which inspires me with wit,  
And makes me so sublime,  
That there's none are like us,  
That drink the best wine.

## V.

But Sylvia, whom nature  
So perfect has made,  
Has no room left for wishes,  
New beauties to add.  
Must I leave her, I'm sorry,  
It is too hard a task;  
Yet she may go to the devil,  
Bring me the other flask.

## LOVE, DRINK, and DEBT.

## I.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,  
These many and many a year;  
And these are plagues enough I shou'd think  
For any poor mortal to bear.  
'Twas love made me fall into drink,  
And drink made me fall into debt;  
And tho' I have struggled and strove,  
I cannot get out of them yet.

## II.

There's nothing but money can cure me,  
And rid me of all my pain:  
'Twill pay all my debts,  
And remove all my lets;  
And my mistress, that cannot endure me  
Will love me, and love me again: (gain.  
Then, then I shall fall to my loving and drinking a



## The FARMER'S SON.

## I.

SWEET Nelly, my heart's delight,  
Be loving and do not slight  
The proffer I make, for modesty's sake,  
I honour your beauty bright ;  
For love I profess, I can do no less,  
Thou hast my favour won ;  
And since I see your modesty,  
I pray agree and fancy me,  
Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

## II.

No: I am a lady gay,  
'Tis very well known I may  
Have men of renown in country and town,  
Sir Roger without delay.  
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nanny, or Prue,  
Their loves will soon be won ;  
But don't ye dare to speak me fair,  
As tho' I were at my last pray'r,  
To marry a farmer's son.

## III.

My father has riches in store,  
Two hundred a year and more,  
Besides sheep, and cows, carts, harrows, and plows,  
His age is above threescore ;  
And when he gives way, then merrily I  
Shall have what he has won ;  
Both land and kine, and all shall be thine,  
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,  
And marry a farmer's son.

## IV.

A fig for your cattle and corn,  
Your proffer'd love I scorn ;  
'Tis very well known my name is Nell,  
And you're but a bumpkin born.

Well, since it is so, away I will go,  
 And I hope no harm is done :  
 Farewell, adieu, I hope to woo  
 As good as you, and win her too,  
 Tho' I'm but a farmer's son.

## V.

Be not in such haste, quoth she,  
 Perhaps we may still agree :  
 For man I protest, I was but in jest,  
 Come prithee sit down by me ;  
 For thou art the man that verily can  
 Perform what must be done,  
 Both straight and tall, genteel withal ;  
 Therefore I shall be at your call  
 To marry a farmer's son.

## VI.

Dear Nelly, believe me now,  
 I solemnly swear and vow,  
 No lords in their lives take pleasure in their wives  
 Like fellows that drive the plow.  
 For whatever they gain with labour and pain,  
 They don't to harlots run,  
 As courtiers do ; I never knew  
 A London beau that cou'd outdo  
 A country-farmer's son.

## The ANGEL Woman.

## I.

WHEN thy beauty appears  
 With its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an angel  
 New dropt from the sky ;  
 At a distance I gaze,  
 And am aw'd by my fears !  
 So strangely you dazzle mine eye !

## II.

But when without art  
 Your thoughts you impart,

When your love runs in blushes  
 Through every vein,  
 When it darts from your eyes,  
 When it pants from your heart,  
 Then I know you are a woman again.

## III.

There's a passion and pride  
 In our sex, she reply'd,  
 And thus (might I gratify both)  
 I would do,  
 Still an angel appear  
 To each lover beside,  
 But still be a woman to you.

## ROGER's Courtship.

YOUNG Roger came tapping  
 At Dolly's window,  
*Tumpaty, Tumpaty tump.*  
 He begg'd for admittance;  
 She answer'd him, No;  
*Glumpaty, Glumpaty, Glump.*  
 My Dolly, my dear,  
 Your true love is here,  
*Dumpaty, Dumpaty, Dump.*  
 No, no, Roger no,  
 As you came you may go,  
*Slumpaty, &c.*

## II.

Oh what is the reason,  
 Dear Dolly? he cry'd:  
*Humpaty, &c.*  
 That thus I am cast off,  
 And unkindly deny'd?  
*Trumpaty, &c.*  
 Some rival more dear  
 I guess has been here:  
*Crumpaty, &c.*

Suppose there's been two, Sir,  
 Pray what's that to you, Sir?  
*Numpaty, &c.*

## III.

Oh! then with a sad look  
 His farewell he took:  
*Humpaty, &c.*  
 And all in despair  
 He leap'd into the brook:  
*Plumpaty, &c.*  
 His courage he cool'd,  
 He found himself fool'd;  
*Mumpaty, &c.*  
 He swam to the shore,  
 And saw Dolly no more;  
*Rumpaty, &c.*

## IV.

Oh! then she recall'd,  
 And recall'd him again:  
*Humpaty, &c.*  
 Whilst he like a madman  
 Ran over the plain:  
*Slumpaty, &c.*  
 Determin'd to find  
 A damsel more kind:  
*Plumpaty, &c.*  
 While Dolly's afraid  
 She must die an old maid;  
*Mumpaty, &c.*

## JUMP at a CRUST.

## I.

As I am a friend,  
 Be willing to lend  
 An ear to these lines,  
 Which in pity I penn'd.  
 'Tis a cordial advice,  
 Girls be not too nice,



Young lovers are now  
At another gate price  
Than they have been.

## II.

I pray you refrain  
Your scorn and disdain,  
If young men you flight,  
They'll flight you again ;  
They'll make you run mad,  
Sigh heavy and sad,  
There are not so many  
Young men to be had  
As there have been.

## III.

Perhaps you suppose  
Fine furbelow'd cloaths  
Will serve for a portion ;  
But under the rose,  
If truth may be spoke,  
'Tis but a mere joke,  
For love without money  
Will vanish like smoke,  
Let me tell ye.

## IV.

The country clown,  
When he comes to town,  
He values not miss  
With her butterfly-gown ;  
I tell you it wont do,  
There must be a few  
Bright glittering guineas,  
A thousand or two,  
Or he'll leave ye.

## V.

Young men are grown wise,  
A portion they prize,  
They're done with the charms  
Of your conquering eyes.  
A portion ! they cry,  
If love you would buy ;

In order to purchase,  
You then must bid high,  
Or live single.

## VI.

Once bachelors they  
Did sigh, whine, and pray ;  
But still were put off  
With a scornful delay.  
Down with your dust,  
A portion there must ;  
Poor girls wou'd be glad  
To jump at a crust,  
Cou'd ye get it.

## MERRY BEGGARS.

*First Beggar.*

I once was a poet at London,  
I kept my heart still full of glee ;  
There's no man can say that I'm undone,  
For begging's no new trade to me.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*Second Beggar.*

I once was an attorney at law,  
And after a knight of the post ;  
Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,  
And I value not who rules the roast.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*Third Beggar.*

Make room for soldier in buff,  
Who valiantly strutted about,  
Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,  
And then he most wisely sold out.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*Fourth Beggar.*

Here comes a courtier polite, Sir,  
Who flatter'd my Lord to his face ;  
Now railing is all his delight, Sir ;  
Because he miss'd getting a place.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*Fifth Beggar.*

I still am a merry gut scraper,  
 My heart never yet felt a qualm;  
 Tho' poor I can frolic and vapour,  
 And sing any tune but a psalm.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*Sixth Beggar.*

I was a fanatical preacher,  
 I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd:  
 But my hearers half starv'd their teacher,  
 For they believ'd not one word that I said.  
*Tol derol, &c.*

*First Beggar.*

Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free  
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;  
 In palaces who shall you see  
 Half so happy as we in a barn?  
*Tol derol, &c.*

## CHORUS of all.

*Whoe'er would be merry, &c.*

## TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

## I.

LITTLE Syren of the stage,  
 Charmer of an idle age,  
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
 Wanton gale of fond desire.

## II.

Bane of every manly art,  
 Sweet enfeeblor of the heart:  
 Oh too pleasing is thy strain!  
 Hence to southern climes again.

## III.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,  
 To this island bid farewell:  
 Leave us as we ought to be,  
 Leave the Britons rough and free.

## HAPPINESS.

*Tune, To all you ladies now at hand.*

## I.

My dearest maid, since you desire  
 To know what I would wish,  
 What store of health I would require;  
 To gain true happiness;  
 This faithful inventory take  
 Of all that life can easy make.

## II.

Here happy only are the few  
 Who wish to live at home,  
 Who never do extend their view  
 Beyond their small income;  
 An income which should ever be  
 The fruit of honest industry.

## III.

A soul serene and free from fears,  
 With no contentions vex'd,  
 Nor yet with vain or anxious cares  
 To be at all perplex'd.  
 A body that's with health endow'd,  
 An open temper, yet not rude.

## IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,  
 Unknowing to deceive,  
 Yet ever wisely can reflect,  
 Nor easy to believe.  
 As to my dress, let it be plain,  
 Yet always neat without a stain.

## V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire  
 To drive away the cold,  
 A moderate glass one would require  
 When merry tales are told:  
 The company of an easy friend,  
 My like in fortune and in mind.



## VI.

Some shelves of books of the right kind,  
 For knowledge and delight,  
 Nor intricate, nor interlin'd  
 With narrow party spite :  
 A garden fair, to paint me clear  
 Nature's gradations through the year.

## VII.

To give true relish to delight,  
 A chaste and chearful wife,  
 With sweetest humour to unite  
 Our hearts as long as life :  
 Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn  
 Shall join the evening to the morn.

## VIII.

So would we live agreeably ;  
 And ever be content,  
 To Providence ay thankful be  
 For all these blessing lent ;  
 O sov'reign power ! but grant me this,  
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

## Smirky NAN.

## I.

AH ! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,  
 See how I'm wasted to a span ?  
 My heart I lost, when first I spy'd  
 The charming lovely milk-maid Nan.  
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze  
 Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan  
 Would blow me o'er yon beechy trees,  
 And all for thee, my smirky Nan.

## II.

The alewife misses me of late,  
 I us'd to take a hearty can ;  
 But I can neither drink nor eat,  
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.  
 The baker makes the bests of breads  
 The flour he takes and leaves the bran ;

The bran is every other maid  
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

## III.

But Dick o' the green, that nasty lown,  
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,  
 He snatch'd a kiss : I knock'd him down,  
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.  
 But hark ! the roaring foger comes,  
 And rattles *tantara tarran*,  
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,  
 Woes me I've lost my smirky Nan.

## TARRY WOO.

## I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,  
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,  
 Card it well, card it well,  
 Card it well ere ye begin.  
 When 'tis carded, row'd, and spun,  
 Then the work is haffoes done ;  
 But when woven, dress'd and clean,  
 It may be cleading for a queen.

## II.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,  
 That feed upon the mountains steep,  
 Bleating sweetly as ye go  
 Thro' the winter's frost and snow ;  
 Hart, and hind and fallow-deer,  
 No by ha'f so useful are :  
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow,  
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

## III.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,  
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,  
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,  
 Sing the flocks that bear it too :  
 Harmless creatures without blame,  
 That clead the back and cram the wame ;

Keeps us warm and hearty fou;  
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

## IV.

How happy is the shepherd's life,  
 Far frae courts and free of strife,  
 While the gimmers bleat and bae,  
 And the lambkins answer mae:  
 No such music to his ear,  
 Of thief or fox he has no fear;  
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,  
 Will defend the tarry woo.

## V.

He lives content, and envies none;  
 Not even a monarch on his throne.  
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,  
 Has not sweeter holidays,  
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,  
 When a shepherd sings fae well;  
 Sings fae well, and pays his due,  
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

## ON HENRIETTA'S RECOVERY.

Tune, *My deary if thou die.*

## I.

In Heaven, its blessings to augment,  
 Call Henny to the skies,  
 Hence from the earth flies all content,  
 The moment that she dies;  
 For in this earth there is no fair  
 Can give such joy to me;  
 How great must then be my despair,  
 My Henny, an thou die?

## II.

But now pale sickness leaves her face,  
 And now my charmer smiles;  
 New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,  
 And all my fear beguiles:  
 The bounteous powers have heard the pray'rs  
 I daily made for thee,

Like them be kind, and ease my cares,  
Else I myself must die.

HODGE of the Mill and Buxom NELL.

## I.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,  
One morning very soon,  
Put on his best apparel,  
New hose and clouted shoon ;  
And he a-wooing came,  
To bonny buxom Nell,  
Dear lass cries he, cou'dst fancy me,  
I like thee wondrous well.

## II.

My horses I have dress'd,  
And gi'en them corn and hay,  
Put on my best apparel ;  
And having come this way,  
Let's sit and chat a while  
With thee, my bonny Nell.  
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,  
I se like thy person well.

## III.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,  
The damsel then reply'd,  
I'm not in such a haste  
To be a ploughman's bride ;  
Know I then live in hopes  
To marry a farmer's son ;  
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ;  
Sweet mistress, I have done.

## IV.

Your horses you have dress'd,  
Good Hodge, I heard you say,  
Put on your best apparel ;  
And being come this way,  
O no indeed not I,  
*I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,*  
*I've other fish to fry.*



## V.

Go take your farmer's son,  
 With all my honest heart :  
 What tho' my name be Roger,  
 That goes at plough and cart ?  
 I need not tarry long,  
 I soon may gain a wife :  
 There's buxom Joan, it is well known,  
 She loves me as her life.

## VI.

Pray what of buxom Joan ?  
 Can't I please you as well ?  
 For she has ne'er a penny,  
 And I am buxom Nell ;  
 And I have fifty shillings,  
*The money made him smile :*  
 O then my dear, I'll draw a chair,  
 And chat with thee a while.

## VII.

Within the space of half an hour  
 This couple a bargain struck,  
 Hoping that with their money  
 They both wou'd have good luck  
 To your fifty I've forty,  
 With which a cow we'll buy ;  
 We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,  
 Then who but you and I ?

## Buttery MAY.

## I.

In yonder town there wons a May,  
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,  
 She is sae jimp, sae gamp, sae gay,  
 Sae capernoytie, and sae bonny :  
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,  
 But she was very ill to win ;  
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny,  
 Tho' he were ne'er sae noble a kin.

## II.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen  
 In ilka town baith far and near,  
 And when she kirns her minny's kirn,  
 She rubs her face till it grows clear;  
 But when her minny she did perceive  
 Sic great inlack amang the butter,  
 Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,  
 'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.  
*There's Dunkson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,  
 The lass with the petticoat dances right well,  
 Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,  
 An ye dance ony mair, we'se tell mefs Jobny.  
 Sing, &c.*

## The wise Penitent.

*Sung by Mr. GAY.*

## I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade;  
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;  
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,  
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind;  
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,  
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,  
 My Chloe is unkind.

## II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats!  
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;  
 I faintly hear in your soft notes  
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.  
 But why should you your songs forbear?  
 Your mates delight your song to hear,  
 But Chloe mine disdains.

## III.

As thus he melancholy stood  
 Dejected, as the lonely dove,  
 Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood.

I feel a sound my heart strings move :  
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung ;  
 No, 'tis Chloe's sweeter tongue :  
 Hark ! hark ! what says my love ?

## IV.

How simple is the nymph, she cries,  
 Who trifles with her lover's pain ?  
 Nature still speaks in women's eyes,  
 Our artful lips are made to feign.  
 Oh Daphnis ! Daphnis ! 'twas my pride,  
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd :  
 Come back, dear youth, again

## V.

As t' other day my hand he seiz'd,  
 My blood with trickling motion flew,  
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,  
 And hasty from his hold withdrew :  
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain ;  
 Then hadst thou press'd my hand again  
 My heart had yielded too.

## VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,  
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;  
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,  
 Thy lip should other pleasures seek.  
 Much, much thy music I approve,  
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,  
 Much more to hear thee speak.

## VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd ;  
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !  
 Last night with Deliah's dog he play'd ;  
 Love by such trifles first comes on.  
 Now, now, dear shepherd come away.  
 My tongue would not my heart betray.  
 Ah Chloe ! thou art won.

## VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,  
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;  
 Shame sudden light'ned in her face,

Confus'd she knew not what to say :  
 A last, in broken words she cry'd,  
 To morrow you in vain had try'd,  
 But I am lost to-day.

Old DARBY.

An advice to CHLOE.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure  
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,  
 And hoard up an old age of pain ;  
 Your maxim that love is still founded  
 On charms that will quickly decay,  
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,  
 When once you its dictates obey.

II.

The love that from beauty is drawn,  
 By kindness you ought to improve ;  
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
 Fruition the sun-shine of love.  
 And tho' the bright beams of your eyes  
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,  
 And darkness obscure all the skies,  
 You ne'er can forget it was day.

III.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,  
 You have often regarded with wonder,  
 He's dropical, she is dim ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder :  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or sit in the sun at the door ;  
 And at night when old Darby's pot's out,  
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

IV.

No beauty nor wit they possess,  
 Their several failings to cover



Then, what are the charms, can you guess,  
 That make them so fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
 The endearments that youth did bestow,  
 The thought of past pleasure and truth,  
 The best of our blessings below.

## V.

Those traces for ever will last,  
 No sickness or time can remove :  
 For when youth and beauty are past,  
 And age brings the winter of love,  
 A friendship insensibly grows,  
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;  
 The current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

## The modern MARRIAGE QUESTION.

## I.

HAPPY the world in that blest'd age,  
 When beauty was not bought and sold,  
 When the fair mind was uninflam'd  
 With the mean thirst of baneful gold.  
*With the mean thirst, &c.*

## II.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,  
 The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,  
 Was not by cruel parents forc'd  
 To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.  
*To breathe, &c.*

## III.

Now the first question fathers ask,  
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,  
 Is,---*What's the settlement you'll make?*  
 You're poor!--*he flings the door at you.*  
*You're poor, &c.*

## The COUNTRY-WAKE.

## I.

I'LL sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,  
 Give but attention unto me a while  
 Of transactions in court, and in country too,  
 Toilsome pleasure, and pleasing toil:  
 Accept it, I pray, as your help-mates you take,  
 To some 'twill give joy,  
 And some others annoy;  
 All's fair at a country-wake.  
*All's fair, &c.*

## II.

Many ladies at court are styl'd unpolite,  
 Because truly virtuous, and prone to no ill;  
 Whilst others, who sparkle in diamonds bright,  
 Are stript of their pride at basset or quadrille,  
 Till their losses at play do their lords credit shake:  
 Then their toys to recover,  
 They'll grant the last favour:  
 Strange news at a country-wake,  
*Strange news, &c.*

## III.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,  
 Tho' very bad statesmen I freely confess,  
 They design harm to none, but a fox or a hare,  
 And are always found loyal in war and in peace.  
 The farmer's industry does earth fertile make;  
 The husbandman's plowing,  
 His planting and sowing,  
 Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake.  
*Gets health, &c.*

## IV.

Our maids blooming fair, without washes and paints,  
 From neighbouring villages hither resort,  
 They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints;  
 (Who can say more for the ladies at court?)

No worldly cares vex them asleep or awake,  
 But their time they improve  
 In peace and true love,  
 And innocent mirth at a country-wake.  
*And innocent, &c.*

## V.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigues ;  
 Here all's fair and open, dark deeds we despise,  
 Set rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,  
 Who chuses the former is happy and wise :  
 Now let's pray for the king, and, for Britain's sake,  
 From all factions free,  
 May his subjects agree,  
 As well at the court as the country-wake.  
*As well, &c.*

## OATHS in FASHION.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,  
 Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on ;  
 Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,  
 Without e'er designing to keep one.  
 For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,  
 A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;  
 A lawyer to truth or a statesman from blame,  
 Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

## The Terrible Law.

## I.

THE terrible law when it fastens its paw  
 On a poor man, it grips till he's undone ;  
 And what I am doing may prove to my ruin,  
 Tho' rich as the lord mayor of London.

## II.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,  
 Unless we first make a sure zure bargain :  
 I will be, dempniſied, thoroughly ſatiſfied,  
 That cha'n ſhan't zuſſer a varding.

## The PLAY of LOVE.

*First Act.*

THE play of love is now begun,  
And thus the actions do go on;  
Strephon enamour'd courts the fair,  
She hears him with a careless air,  
And smiles to find him in love's snare.

*Second Act.*

The act tune play'd, they meet again,  
Here pity moves her for his pain,  
Which he evades with some pretence,  
And thinks she may with love dispense,  
But pants to hear a man of sense.

*Third Act.*

The third approach her lover makes,  
She colours up whene'er he speaks;  
But with feign'd flights she puts him by,  
And faintly cries she can't comply,  
Altho' she gives her heart the lie.

*Fourth Act.*

Now the plot rises, he seems shy.  
As if some other fair he'd try;  
At which she swells with spleen and fear,  
Lest some more wise his love shou'd share,  
Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

*Fifth Act.*

The last act now is wrought so high,  
That thus it crowns the lover's joy;  
She does no more his passion shun,  
He straight into her arms does run:  
The curtain falls, the play is done.



## FANNY Fair.

## I.

To Fanny fair I could impart  
The cause of all my wo !  
That beauty which has won my heart,  
She scarcely seems to know :  
Unskill'd in the art of womankind,  
Without design she charms ;  
How can those sparkling eyes be blind,  
Which every bosom warms ?

## II.

She knows her power is all deceit,  
The conscious blushes shows,  
Those blushes to the eye more sweet  
Than th' op'ning budding rose :  
Yet the delicious fragrant rose,  
That charms the sense so much,  
Upon a thorny brier grows,  
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

## III.

At first when I beheld the fair,  
With raptures I was blest ;  
But as I would approach more near,  
At once I lost my rest ;  
Th' enchanting sight, the sweet surprise,  
Prepare me for my doom ;  
One cruel look from those bright eyes  
Will lay me in my tomb.

## The BOTTLE Preferr'd.

## I.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,  
Brisk wine's my delight,  
I'll drink all the day,  
And I'll revel all night.

## II.

As great as a monarch,  
 The moments I pass,  
 The bottle's my globe,  
 And my sceptre's the glass.

## III.

The table's my throne,  
 And the tavern's my court,  
 The drawer's my subject,  
 And drinking's my sport.

## IV.

Here's the chief of all joy,  
 Here's a mistress ne'er coy ;  
 Dear cure of all sorrows,  
 And life of all blifs :  
 I'm a king when I hug you,  
 But more when I kiss.

## Tippling JOHN.

## I.

As tippling John was jogging on,  
 Upon a riot-night,  
 With tottering pace, and fiery face,  
 Suspicious of high flight ;  
 The guards, who took him by his look,  
 For some chief fiery-brand,  
 Ask'd, whence he came, what was his name ?  
 Who are you ? Stand, friend, stand.

## II.

I'm going home, from meeting come :  
 Ay, says one, that's the case ;  
 Some meeting he has burnt, you see  
 The flame's still in his face.  
 John thought it time to purge his crime,  
 And said, My chief intent  
 Was to assuage my thirsty rage,  
 I' th' meeting that I meant.

## III.

Come, friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,  
 Says one, pray let us know,  
 That we may find how you're inclin'd;  
 Are you high church or low?  
 John said to that, I'll tell you what,  
 To end debates and strife,  
 All I can say, this is the way  
 I steer my course of life.

## IV.

I ne'er to Bow or Burgefs go,  
 To steeple-house nor hall,  
 The brisk bar-bell best suits my zeal  
 With gentlemen, dy'e call?  
 Guess then, am I low church or high,  
 From that tow'r, or no steeple,  
 Whose merry toll exalts the soul,  
 And must make high-flown people.

## V.

The guards came on, and look'd at John  
 With countenance most pleasant,  
 By whisper round they all soon found  
 He was no damag'd peasant.  
 Thus while John stood the best he cou'd,  
 Expecting their decision;  
 Damn him, says one, let him begone,  
 He's of our own religion.

## BELINDA.

## I.

Would Fate to me Belinda give,  
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,  
 Variety I'd ne'er require,  
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,  
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

## II.

My charming nymph, if you can find  
 Amongst the race of human kind,

A man that loves you more than I,  
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,  
 I'll resign you though I die.

## III.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,  
 With all her beauty, all her charms:  
 With scorn and pity I'd look down  
 On the glories of a crown.

## BEAUTY and RIGOUR.

## I.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,  
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd:  
 She's the grief of my heart, and the joy of my eye,  
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.  
*And the cause, &c.*

## II.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,  
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of a rose;  
 Love and destiny both attend on her will,  
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.  
*She wounds, &c.*

## III.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,  
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;  
 In Celia they meet, so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love, who loves her must die.  
*Who sees her, &c.*

## The RIVAL.

## I.

Of all the torment, all the care,  
 By which our lives are curst,  
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,  
 A rival is the worst,  
 By partners in another kind  
 Afflictions easier grow,



In love alone we hate to find  
Companions in our wo.

## II.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you see  
Arising in my breast,  
I beg not that you'd pity me,  
Would you but flight the rest.  
Howe'er severe your rigours are,  
Alone with them I'd cope,  
I can endure my own despair,  
But not another's hope.

## HUNTING Song, going out.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn,  
Calls the hunters all up with the morn;  
To the hills and the woodlands they steer,  
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

## Chorus of Huntsmen.

*All the day long,  
This, this is our song,  
Still bawling  
And following,*

*So frolic and free:*

*Our joys know no bounds,  
While we're after the bounds,  
No mortals on earth are so jolly as we.*

## II.

Round the woods while we beat, how we glow,  
While the hills they all echo hillo;  
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,  
Then our shouts they resound to the skies.

*All the day long, &c.*

## III.

When we sweep o'er the valleys, or climb  
Up the heath-breathing mountains sublime,

What a joy from our labour do we feel!  
Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
*All the day, &c.*

The Return from the CHACE.

I.

THE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,  
With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;  
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come  
away,  
Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.  
*The merry, &c.*

II.

The stag rous'd before us, away seems to fly,  
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,  
Then follow, follow, follow, the musical chace,  
Where pleasure and vigorous health we embrace.  
*Then follow, &c.*

III.

The days sport when over makes blood circle right,  
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night,  
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,  
Let love crown the night as our sports crown the day.  
*Then let us, &c.*

The GIRL that's blyth and gay.

Tune, *Black Jock.*

Of all the girls in our town,  
Or black, or yellow, or fair or brown,  
With their soft eyes and faces so bright;  
Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,  
As warm as June, and as sweet as May,  
With her heart free and faithful as light.  
What lovely couple then cou'd be  
So happy and so blest'd as we!

On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,  
And all the cares of life beguile,  
Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

CYNTHIA's Perplexity.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,  
Yet she's vex'd if I give over;  
Much she fears I should undo her,  
But much more to lose her lover;  
Thus in doubting she refuses,  
And not winning, thus she loses.

II.

Prithee, Cynthia look behind you,  
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;  
Then too late, desire will find you,  
When the power must forsake you.  
Think upon the sad condition,  
To be pass'd, yet wish fruition.

NOUGHT but LOVE.

I.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
The western clouds were lin'd with gold,  
The sky was clear, the winds were still,  
The flocks were pent within the fold;  
When from the silence of the grove,  
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love!

II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
From the bare rock, or oozy beach;  
Who from each barren weed that grows  
Expects the grape or blushing peach;  
With equal faith may hope to find  
The truth of love in womankind.

## III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,  
 No fields that wave with golden grain,  
 No pastures green nor gardens fair,  
 A maiden's venal heart to gain;  
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
 For I, alas have nought but love.

## IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth  
 Since women's hearts are bought and sold!  
 They ask not vows of sacred truth,  
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.  
 Gold can the crowns of scorn remove!  
 But I, alas have nought but love.

## V.

To buy the gems of India's coast,  
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?  
 Not all their shine can ever boast  
 The living lustre of her eyes:  
 For these the world too cheap would prove;  
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

## VI.

O Sylvia! since nor gems nor ore,  
 Can with your brighter gems compare,  
 Consider that I offer more,  
 More seldom found, a soul sincere;  
 Let riches meaner beauties move,  
 Who pay thy worth must pay in love.

Tell me, my Heart.

## I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
 I wou'd approach, but dare not move;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

## II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
 No other voice but hers can bear,



No other wit but hers approve :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

## II.

If she some other swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,  
That instant, enemy I prove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

## IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shady grove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

## V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,  
She seem'd to triumph in my pain ;  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove :  
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

## CUPID mistaken.

## I.

As after noon, one summer's day,  
Venus flood bathing in a river,  
Cupid a-shooting went that way,  
New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver :  
With skill he chose his sharpest dart,  
With all his might his bow he drew,  
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,  
The too well guided arrow flew.

## II.

I faint ! I die, the goddess cry'd :  
O cruel ; cou'dst thou find none other  
To wreak thy spleen on ? parricide,  
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother ;  
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak ;  
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye :  
Alas, how easy the mistake,  
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

## SYLVIA TO ALEXIS.

## I.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover ;  
 How bashful and silly you grow ;  
 In my eyes can you never discover  
 I mean Yes, when I often say No ;  
*I mean, &c.*

## II.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,  
 And only intreat for a kiss ;  
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,  
 Alexis should ravish the bliss.  
*Alexis should, &c.*

## III.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason  
 To make some defence for the town :  
 To surrender without it, were treason,  
 Before that the outworks were won.  
*Before that, &c.*

## IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,  
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake ;  
 He is but a pitiful lover  
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.  
*Who is, &c.*

## V.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,  
 The best and the bravest must yield ;  
 I am not to be won by a coward,  
 Who hardly dares enter the field.  
*Who hardly, &c.*

## The Serious Lover.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,  
 Believe the heart you've won,

Believe my vows to you sincere,  
 Or, Jenny, I'm undone,  
 You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change,  
 At every face that's new :  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

## II.

My heart was like a lump of ice,  
 Till warm'd by your bright eye ;  
 And then it kindled in a trice,  
 A flame that ne'er can die,  
 Then take and try me, you shall find  
 That I've a heart that's true :  
 Of all the girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

## The Grateful ADMIRERS.

FALSE tho' she be to me and love,  
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;  
 For still the charmer I approve,  
 Tho' I deplore her change.  
 In hours of bliss we oft have met,  
 They could not always last ;  
 But tho' the present I regret,  
 I'm grateful for the past.  
*I am grateful, &c.*

## CELIA and SABINA.

## I.

THIRIS a young and am'rous swain,  
 Saw two, the beauties of the plain,  
 Who both his heart subdue :  
 Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair ;  
 Sabina's easy shape and air,  
 With softer music drew.

## II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,  
Lives in a fond romance of love,  
And seems for each to die;  
Till each a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina Celia's shape ran down,  
And she Sabina's eye.

## III.

Their envy made the shepherd find  
Those eyes that love could only blind;  
So set the lover free.  
No more he haunts the grove or stream,  
Or, with a true love knot or name,  
Engraves a wounded tree.

## IV.

Ah Celia! fly, Sabina cry'd,  
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,  
Let either fix the dart.  
Poor girl! says Celia, say no more;  
That spite which broke his chains before,  
Wou'd break the others heart.

## The Fair WARNING.

YOUNG *virgins* love pleasure,  
As *misers* do treasure;  
And both alike study  
To heighten the measure;  
Their hearts they will rifle  
For every new trifle,  
And when in their teens  
Fall in love for a song;  
But soon as they marry,  
And find things miscarry;  
Oh! how they sigh  
That they were not more wary.  
Instead of soft wooing,  
They run to their ruin,



And all their lives after  
 Drag sorrow along.

### PETTICOAT WOOING.

#### I.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,  
 How can I speak without pain?  
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes:  
 Why can't you the meaning explain?

#### II.

My passion wou'd lose by expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame;  
 Then pray don't expect a confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.

#### III.

Since yours is the province of speaking  
 How can you expect it from me?  
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they should be.

#### IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover?  
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?  
 I need not tell over and over  
 What I in my bosom confine.

### COLIN'S Reply.

#### I.

Good Madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool;  
 For me, I would not give a shilling  
 For one that does love without rule.

#### II.

At least ye shou'd wait for our offers,  
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair;  
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,  
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

## III.

You should leave to guests by your blushing  
 And not tell the matter so plain ;  
 'Tis ours to be writing and pushing,  
 And yours to affect a disdain.

## IV.

But you're in a terrible taking,  
 By all the fond oglings I see ;  
 The fruit that can fall without shaking,  
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

## The COUNTRY-LASS's Ambition.

## I.

WHAT tho' they call me country-lafs ?  
 I read it plainly in my glafs,  
 That for a dutchess I might pass ;  
 Oh ! could I see the day !  
 Wou'd fortune but attend my call,  
 At park, at play, at ring and ball,  
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,  
 With a stand by, Clear the way.

## II.

Surrounded by a crown of beaux,  
 With smart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,  
 At rivals I'll turn up my nose ;  
 Oh ! could I see the day !  
 I'll dart such glances from these eyes,  
 Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize ;  
 And then, O how I'll tyrannise,  
 With a stand by, Clear the way.

## III.

Oh then for every new delight,  
 For equipage and diamonds bright,  
 Quadrille, and balls, and plays all night :  
 O could I see the day !  
 Of love and joy I'd take my fill,  
 The tedious hours of life to kill,  
 In every thing I'd have my will,  
 With a stand by, Clear the way.

The following SONG is said to be made in honour of  
MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.

## I.

You meaner beauties of the night,  
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,  
More by your number than your light,  
Ye are but officers of the skies;  
What are you when the moon doth rise?

## II.

You violets that first appear,  
By your fine purple colour known,  
Taking possession of the year,  
As if the spring were all your own;  
What are ye when the rose is blown?

## III.

You charming birds, that in the woods  
Do warble forth your lively lays,  
Making your passion understood  
In softest notes; what is your praise,  
When Philomel her voice does raise?

## IV.

You glancing jewels of the east,  
Whose estimation fancies raise,  
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest  
Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise,  
When the bright diamond shews his rays?

## V.

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,  
What are ye if my Mary shine?  
Moon, diamond, flowers, and Philomel,  
Light, lustre, scent, and music tine,  
And yield to merit more divine.

## VI.

Thus when my mistress you have seen  
In beauties of her face and mind,  
First, by descent, she is a Queen;  
Judge then if she be not divine,  
And glory of all womankind.

## VII.

The rose and lily, the hale spring,  
 Unto her breath for sweetness speed:  
 The diamond darkens in the rin:  
 When she appears, the moon looks dead,  
 As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

'There GOWANS are gay.

## I.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,  
 There gowans are gay;  
 They gar me wake when I shou'd sleep,  
 The first morning of May.

## II.

Aboot the fields as I did pass,  
 There gowans are gay;  
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,  
 The first morning of May.

## III.

Right busy was that bonny maid,  
 There gowans are gay,  
 I hafs'd her, syne to her I said,  
 The first morning of May;

## IV.

O lady fair, what do you here?  
 There gowans are gay;  
 Gathering the dew, what need ye speir?  
 The first morning of May.

## V.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?  
 There gowans are gay;  
 Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,  
 The first morning of May.

## VI.

I ask'd farther at her syne,  
 There gowans are gay,  
 Gif to my will she wad incline?  
 The first morning of May.



## VII.

She said, her errand was not there,  
 Where gowans are gay ;  
 Her maidenhead on me to ware,  
 The first morning of May.

## VIII.

Then, like an arrow frae a bow,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 She skipt away out o'er the know,  
 The first morning of May.

## IX.

And left me in the garth my lane,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 And in my heart a twang of pain  
 The first morning of May.

## X.

The little birds they sang full sweet,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Unto my comfort was right meet,  
 The first morning of May.

## XI.

And thereabouts I past my time,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Until it was the hour of prime,  
 The first morning of May.

## XII.

And then returned hame bedeen,  
 There gowans are gay ;  
 Panfand what maiden that had been,  
 The first morning of May.

Slighted Love is fair to bide.

## I.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartless gae ;  
 I had a mind, but daily was opprest ;  
 I had a friend that's now become my foe ;  
 I had a will that now has freedom lost :

What have I now?  
 Nathing I trow,  
 But grief where I had joy:  
 What am I then?  
 A heartless man:  
 Could love me thus destroy!  
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,  
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

## II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face?  
 Where shall I find a place for my defence?  
 Where my true love remains, the fittest place  
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.

She is my heart  
 Till I depart:  
 Let her do what she list,  
 I cannot mend,  
 But still depend,  
 And daily to insist,  
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve;  
 If not for love, let love my body starve.

## III.

O lady fair, whom I do honour most,  
 Your name and fame within my breast I have;  
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,  
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,  
 That I am true,  
 And fall not rue,  
 Ae word that I have said:  
 I am your man,  
 Do what you can,  
 When all these plays are plaid.  
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,  
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

## The INVITATIONS.

## I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,  
 Where we may hear the blackbird sing,  
 The robin-red-breast and the thrush,  
 And nightingale in thorny bush,  
 The mavis sweetly caroling;  
 This to my love, this to my love,  
 Content will bring.

## II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,  
 Comes skipping thro' the park amain,  
 And in this grove she means to stay,  
 At barley-breaks to sport and play;  
 Where we may sit us down and see  
 Fair beauty mix'd, fair beauty mix'd,  
 With chastity.

## III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,  
 With many pleasant shady bowers,  
 A purling brook, whose silver streams  
 Are beautified with Phœbus' beams;  
 Which steal out thro' the trees for fear,  
 Because Diana, because Diana,  
 Bathes her there.

## IV.

All her delight is as ye see,  
 This way to sport, and here to be  
 Delyting in this caler spring,  
 Only to bathe herself therein,  
 Until Acteon her espy'd:  
 Then to the thicket, then to the thicket  
 Did she glyde.

## V.

And there by magic art she wrought,  
 And in her heart she thus bethought,  
 With secret speed away to flee,  
 And he a hart was turn'd to be;

Because he follow'd Dian's train,  
His life he lost, his life he lost,  
Her love to gain.

### CAST away CARE.

#### I.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,  
For I am no fit match for thee,  
Thou bereaves me of my wits,  
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits :  
Therefore I will care no moir,  
Since that in cares comes no restoir ;  
But I will sing hey down a dee,  
And cast doilt care away frae me.

#### II.

If I want, I care to get,  
The more I have, the more I fret ;  
Love I much, I care for moir,  
The moir I have I think I'm poor :  
Thus grief and care my mind oppress,  
Nor wealth nor wae gives no redress ;  
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,  
Since care has cost me meikle pain.

#### III.

Is not this world a slidd'ry ball ?  
And thinks men strange to catch a fall ?  
Does not the sea baith ebb and flow ?  
And fortune's but a painted show ;  
Why should men take care or grief,  
Since that by these comes no relief ?  
Some careful saw what careless reap,  
And waiters ware what niggars scrape.

#### IV.

Well then, ay learn to know thyself,  
And care not for this worldly pelf :  
Whether thy 'state be great or small,  
Be thankful still whate'er befall,



Sae fall thou then ay live at ease,  
 No sudden grief shall thee displease:  
 Then mayst thou sing, Hey down a dee,  
 When thou hast cast ilk care frae thee.

The FAIREST of her DAYS.

I.

WHOE'ER beholds my Helen's face,  
 And says not that good hap has she  
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,  
 Shall think nane ever spake but she.  
*The short way to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.*

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,  
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill:  
 Her virtues kindle strong desires,  
 In them that think upon her skill.  
*The short way, &c.*

III.

Her red is like unto the rose,  
 Whose buds are op'ning to the sun,  
 Her comely colours to disclose  
 The first degree of ripeness won.  
*The short way, &c.*

IV.

And with the red is mix'd the white,  
 Like to the sun or fair moon-shine,  
 That does upon clear waters light,  
 And makes the colour seem divine.  
*The short way to resound her praise,  
 She is the fairest of her days.*

N. B. The six foregoing songs I took out of a very old MS. collection, wrote by a Gentleman in Aberdeen.

## LORD HENRY and KATHARINE.

## I.

IN ancient times, in Britain's isle,  
 Lord Henry well was known,  
 Nor knight in all the land more fam'd,  
 Or more deserv'd renown;  
 His thoughts on honour always run,  
 He ne'er cou'd bow to love,  
 No nymph in all the land had charms  
 His frozen heart to move.

## II.

Amongst the nymphs where Kath'rine came,  
 The fairest face she shows,  
 She was as bright as morning-sun,  
 And sweeter than a rose:  
 Although she was of mean degree,  
 She daily conquests gains;  
 For ne'er a youth who her beheld,  
 Escap'd her powerful chains.

## III.

Bat soon her eyes their lustre lost,  
 Her cheeks grew pale and wan,  
 A pining seiz'd her lovely form,  
 And cures were all in vain;  
 The sickness was to all unknown.  
 That did the fair one waste,  
 Her time in sighs and floods of tears,  
 And broken slumbers past.

## IV.

Once in a dream she cry'd aloud,  
 O Henry, I'm undone,  
 Oh cruel fate, oh wretched maid!  
 Thy love must ne'er be known!  
 Such is the fate of womankind,  
 They must the truth conceal,  
 I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,  
 Ere I my love reveal.

## V.

A tender friend that watch'd the fair  
To Henry hy'd away.  
My Lord, says she, we've found the cause  
Of Kath'rinc's quick decay :  
She in a dream the secret told,  
Till now no mortal knew :  
Alas, she now expiring lies,  
And dies for love of you.

## VI.

The gen'rous Henry's soul was touch'd,  
His heart began to flame,  
Ah, poor unhappy maid he cry'd,  
Yet I am not to blame.  
Ah Kath'rinc ! too too modest maid,  
Thy love I never knew,  
I'll ease your pain : and swift as wind  
To her bedside he flew.

## VII.

Awake, awake, he fondly cry'd,  
Awake, awake, my dear ;  
If I had only guess'd your love,  
You ne'er had shed a tear ;  
'Tis Henry calls, complain no more,  
Renew thy wonted charms ;  
I come to save thee from despair,  
And take thee to my arms.

## VIII.

These words reviv'd the dying fair,  
She rais'd her drooping head,  
And gazing on the long lov'd youth,  
She started from the bed.  
Around his neck her arms she flung  
In ecstasy, and cried,  
Will you be kind ? Will you indeed ?  
My love !---and so she died.

## The MILKING PAIL.

## I.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,  
 That love green fields and woods,  
 When spring newly born herself does adorn  
 With flowers and blooming buds :  
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze  
     On yonder pleasant vale,  
 Of those that choose to milk their ewes,  
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,  
     To carry the milking-pail.

## II.

You goddess of the morn,  
 With blushes you adorn,  
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare  
     A concert on each green thorn :  
 The blackbird and thrush, on every bush,  
     And the charming nightingale,  
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,  
 To entertain the jolly train  
     Of those of the milking-pail.

## III.

When cold bleak winds do roar,  
 And flowers will spring no more,  
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,  
     With winter's all candied o'er.  
 See how the town-lass looks with her white face,  
     And her lips so deadly pale ?  
 But it is not so with those that go  
 Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
     And carry the milking-pail.

## IV.

The miss of courtly mold,  
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,  
 With washes and paint her skin does so taint,  
     She's wither'd before she's old :  
 While she of commode puts on a cart-load,  
     And with cushions plumps her tail.



What joys are found in rushy ground,  
 Young plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,  
 Of those of the milking-pail ?

## V.

You girls of Venus' game,  
 That venture health and fame,  
 In practising feats, with cold and heats,  
 Make lovers grow blind and lame :  
 If men were so wise to value the prize  
 Of wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of beaux would daub their cloaths,  
 To save a nose, by following of those  
 Who carry the milking-pail ?

## VI.

The country lad is free  
 From fears and jealousy,  
 Whilst upon the green he is oft seen  
 With his lass upon his knee ;  
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat  
 And swears she'll never grow stale ;  
 But the London lass in every place,  
 With brazen face despises the grace  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

PHILLIS, despise not.

## I.

PHILLIS, despise not your faithful lover,  
 Play not the tyrant, because you are fair ;  
 Beauty will fade, my charming maid,  
 Just as the lily, my beautiful Philly,  
 Cease to prove coy, smile on the boy,  
 Grant him the blessing he longs to enjoy.

## II.

Crowns are but trifles, compar'd with my Philly ;  
 Who can behold her, and not be enslav'd ?  
 Angel divine ; wert thou but mine ;  
 Pity my story, I laugh at all glory,  
 Here I protest, on my dear breast,  
 With thee in a cottage I'd think myself blest.

DRINK while ye can.

## I.

LET's drink, my friends, while here we live,  
The fleeting moments as they pass  
This silent admonition give,  
T' improve our time, and pass the glass.

## II.

When once we've entered Charon's boat,  
Farewell to drinking, joys divine,  
There's not a drop to wet our throat,  
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

MEDDLERS out of SEASON.

## I.

COME lads, ne'er plague your heads  
With what is done in Spain,  
But leave to them  
Who are supreme,  
To settle peace again:  
Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,  
Pays no nations debt;  
'Tis time must clear it,  
Just like claret,  
When it is on the fret.

## II.

Each one should mind his own,  
Not bus'ness of the state;  
'Tis all we get,  
By Meddling, yet  
More troubles to create.  
Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring, hamm'ring,  
But disturb the town,  
Such men of mettle,  
In a kettle,  
Make two holes for one.

## III.

If you the dangers knew  
 Of those that wear a crown,  
 You'd scarce envy  
 A state so high,  
 But wisely use your own :  
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy,  
 With the dazzling height ;  
 Yet daily stooping,  
 Almost drooping  
 Underneath the weight.

## IV.

Low swains that range the plains,  
 Their native freedom keep,  
 Who yet command,  
 With crook in hand,  
 Their faithful dog and sheep ;  
 Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,  
 None but time deceive ;  
 Whilst Armaryllis,  
 Jugg and Phillis,  
 Flow'ry garlands weave.

## COMPLAINT ON SCORN.

## I.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,  
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,  
 And chide them from the only face,  
 I can behold with love ?  
 To shun your scorn and ease my care,  
 I seek a nymph more kind ;  
 And as I range from fair to fair,  
 Still gentle usage find.

## II.

But O, how faint is ev'ry joy,  
 Where nature has no part ?  
 New beauties may my eyes employ,  
 But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, as they roam,  
 Meet pity ev'ry where:  
 Yet languish for their native home,  
 Tho' death attends them there.

### LOVE OR WINE.

#### I.

If Phillis denies me relief,  
 If she's angry I'll seek it in wine;  
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous grief,  
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?  
*At my mirth, &c.*

#### II.

The sparkling Champaign shall remove  
 All the cares my dull grief has in store:  
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,  
 And by drinking what can I do more?  
*And by drinking, &c.*

#### III.

Wou'd Phillis but pity my pain,  
 Or my amorous vows wou'd approve;  
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,  
 And be drunk with nothing but love.  
*And be drunk, &c.*

Twenty-one Favourite SONGS, in the BEGGAR'S  
 OPERA.

### SONG I.

Tune, *An old woman cloathed in grey, &c.*

THROUGH all the employments of life,  
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:  
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,  
 All professions be-rogue one another:



The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 The lawyer beknaves the divine,  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

## S O N G II.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morn.*

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;  
 Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,  
 She tricks us of our money, with our hearts:  
 For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,  
 And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;  
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,  
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

## S O N G III.

Tune, *Why is your faithful slave disdain'd, &c.*

If love the virgin's heart invade,  
 How, like a moth, the simple maid  
 Still plays about the flame!  
 If soon she be not made a wife,  
 Her honour's sing'd, and then for life  
 She's what I dare not name.

## S O N G IV.

Tune, *Of all the simple things we do, &c.*

A Maid is like a golden ore,  
 Which hath guineas intrinsical in't.  
 Whose worth is never known, before  
 It is try'd, and impress'd in the mint.  
 A wife's like a guinea in gold,  
 Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;

Now here, now there ; is bought or is fold ;  
And is current in every house.

## SONG V.

*Tune, What shall I do to show how much I love her.*

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;  
Near it the bees, in play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around ;  
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To Covent-garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet),  
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

## SONG VI.

*Tune, Oh London is a fine town.*

OUR Polly is a sad slut ! nor heeds what we taught  
her,  
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter !  
For she must have both hoods and gowns  
And hoops to swell her bride,  
With scarfs and flays, and gloves and lace ;  
And she will have men beside ;  
And when she's dress'd with care and cost,  
All tempting, fine, and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber,  
She flings herself away,  
*Our Polly is a sad slut, &c.*

## SONG VII.

*Tune, Grim king of the ghosts.*

CAN love be controul'd by advice !  
Will Cupid our mothers obey ?

Though my heart were as frozen as ice,  
 At his flame 'twould have melted away.  
 When he kiss'd me, so closely he prest,  
 'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd;  
 So I thought it both safest and best,  
 To marry for fear you should chide.

## S O N G   V I I I .

*Tune, A soldier and a sailor.*

A Fox may steal your hens, Sir,  
 A whore your health and pence, Sir,  
 Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,  
 Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,  
 A thief your goods and plate.  
 But this is all but picking,  
 With rest, pence, chest, and chicken :  
 It ever was decreed, Sir,  
 If lawyer's hand is feed, Sir,  
 He steals your whole estate.

## S O N G   I X .

*Tune, Over the hills and far away.*

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,  
 And in my arms embrace my lass ;  
 Warm amidst eternal frost,  
 Too soon the half year's night would pass.  
 Were I sold on Indian soil,  
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
 I could mock the sultry toil,  
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.  
 And I would love you all the day,  
 Every night would kiss and play,  
 If with me you'd fondly stray,  
 Over the hills and far away.

## S O N G X.

Tune, *O the broom, &c.*

THE miser thus a shilling fees,  
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,  
 With sighs resigns it by degrees,  
 And fears 'tis gone for ay.  
 The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,  
 The bird in silence eyes ;  
 But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,  
 Whines, whimpers, fobs, and cries..

## S O N G XI.

Tune, *Cotillion.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys,  
 Love is then our duty :  
 She alone who that employs,  
 Well deserves her beauty.  
 Let's be gay,  
 While we may,  
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay,  
 Youth's the season, &c.  
 Let us drink and sport to-day,  
 Ours is not to-morrow,  
 Love with youth flies swift away ;  
 Age is nought but sorrow.  
 Dance and sing,  
 Time's on the wing,  
 Life never knows the return of spring.  
*Chorus.* Let us drink, &c.

## S O N G XII.

Tune, *When once I lay with another man's wife.*  
 THE gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,  
 If they meddle, your all is in danger ;



Like gypsies, if once they can finger a fouse,  
Your pockets they pick, and they pilfer your house.  
And give your estate to a stranger.

## S O N G XIII.

Tune, *Courtiers, courtiers think it no harm, &*  
MAN may escape from rope or gun,  
Nay some have out liv'd the doctor's pill;  
Who takes a woman must be undone,  
That basilisk is sure to kill.  
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,  
So he that tastes, woman, woman, woman,  
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.

## S O N G XIV.

Tune, *The sun had loos'd his weary teams, &c.*  
THE first time at the looking glass  
The mothers sets her daughter,  
The image strikes the smiling lass  
With self-love ever after.  
Each time she looks, she, sonder grown,  
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:  
But alas! vain maid, all eyes but your own,  
Can see you are not younger.

## S O N G XV.

Tune, *How happy are we, &c.*

WHEN you censure the age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the courtiers offended should be:  
If you mention vice or bribe,  
'Tis pat to all the tribe.  
Each cries-- That was levell'd at me.

## SONG XVI.

Tune, *London Ladies.*

If you at an office solicit your due ;  
 And would not have matters neglected ;  
 You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
 To what his duty directed.  
 Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
 She too has this palpable failing,  
 The perquisite softens her into consent ;  
 That reason with all is prevailing.

## SONG XVII.

Tune, *Packington's pound.*

THUS gamesters united in friendship are found ;  
 Tho' they know that their industry all is a cheat,  
 They flock to the play at the dice box's found,  
 And join to promote one another's deceit ;  
 But if by mishap  
 They fail of a chap,  
 To keep in their hands they each other entrap :  
 Like pikes lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,  
 They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

## SONG XVIII.

Tune, *Lillibulero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,  
 That a true friend can hardly be met ;  
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
 Which they let out for what they can get.  
 'Tis true you find  
 Some friends so kind,  
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.

In sorrowful ditty,  
They promise ; they pity,  
But shift you for money from friend to friend.

## S O N G   X I X .

Tune, *Down in the north country, &c.*

WHAT gudgeons are we men,  
Every woman's easy prey,  
Though we have felt the hook, agen  
We bite and they betray.  
The bird that hath been trapt,  
When he hears his calling mate,  
To her he flies, again he's clapt  
Within the wiry grate.

## S O N G   X X .

OURSELVES, like the great, to secure a retreat,  
When matters require it, must give up our gang:  
And good reason why,  
Or inslead of the fry,  
Ev'n Peachum and I,  
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang ;  
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.

## S O N G   X X I .

Tune, *Green Sleeves.*

SINCE laws were made for every degree,  
To curb vice in others as well as in me,  
I wonder we han't better company  
Upon Tyburn tree !  
But gold from law can take out the sting,  
And if rich men like us were to string,  
'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string  
Upon Tyburn tree !

## ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

## I.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,  
 Blyth was she but and ben;  
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.  
 She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing-free;  
 But cunning carlin that she was,  
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

## II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;  
 But wae's my heart my cash was done  
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.  
 When we has three times toom'd our sloup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

## III.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown:  
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the feuds gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,  
 And ay the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

## IV.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
 And as I in his oxter fat,  
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
 And mony a fappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun;  
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.



## SAILOR'S SONG.

How happy are we,  
 Now the wind is abaft;  
 And the boatswain he pipes;  
 Haul both your sheets aft.  
 Steady, steady, says the master,  
 It blows a fresh gale;  
 We'll soon reach our port, boys,  
 If the wind does not fail,  
 Then drink about Tom,  
 Altho' the ship roll:  
 Then drink about Tom,  
 Altho' the ship roll:  
 We'll save our rich liquor,  
*We'll save, &c.*  
 By flinging our bowl.

## A hundred Years hence.

## I.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret, canary, the oboe, and voice;  
 The changeable world to our joys is unjust,  
 And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.  
 In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,  
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

## II.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of fate,  
 That mouse-trap of honour, and may-game of fate;  
 For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,  
 He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx:  
 His plot against death's but a slender pretence,  
 Who'd take his place from him a hundred years  
 hence?

## III.

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,  
And kills with each glance as she treads on the  
ground ;

Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,  
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her ;  
Altho' she is pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
She'll be terrible mouldy a hundred years hence.

## IV.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to fear,  
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near ;  
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,  
And hardily thinks it will ever remain ;  
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,  
To flourish his standard a hundred years hence.

## V.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,  
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,  
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,  
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring :  
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with pence  
He'll ne'er reach the market a hundred years hence.

## VI.

The rich bawling lawyer, who, by fools wrangling  
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ; (strife,  
A suit which the client does wear out in slavery,  
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his  
knavery ;

Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense,  
He'll be *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

## VII.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,  
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge ;  
He builds up fair structures with ill gotten wealth,  
By the dregs of a piss-pot, and the ruins of health :  
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,  
He'll be turn'd into mummy a hundred years hence.

## VIII.

The meagre chopp'd usurer, who in hundreds gets  
twenty,

But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty ;  
Lays up for a season he never will see,  
The year of one thousand eight hundred and three ;  
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his  
rents,

For a worm-eaten coffin a hundred years hence.

## IX.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions  
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions ;  
Who lives by the tythe of other folks labour,  
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour,  
Tho' he talks of the spirit and bewilders our sense,  
Knows not what will come of him a hundred years  
hence.

## X.

The poet himself who so loftily sings,  
And scorns any subject but heroes and kings,  
Must to the capricio of fortune submit ;  
Which will make a fool of him in spite of his wit :  
Thus health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and  
sense,  
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

## XI.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in fears,  
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears ?  
Since pleasures abound let us ever be tasting,  
And to drive away sorrow while vigour is lasting,  
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from  
thence  
Have brats to succeed us a hundred years hence.

## XII.

The true hearted mason, who acts on the square,  
And lives within compass by rules that are fair ;  
Whilst honour and conscience approve all his deeds,  
As virtue and prudence directs he proceeds,  
With friendship and love, discretion and sense ;  
Leaves a pattern for brothers a hundred years hence.

## JOHNY FAA, the Gypse Laddie.

## I.

THE gypsies came to our good Lord's gate,  
 And wow but they sang sweetly ;  
 They sang fae, sweet, and fae very complete,  
 That down came the fair lady.

## II.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And a' her maids before her ;  
 As soon as they saw her well far'd face,  
 They coost the glamer o'er her.

## III.

Gae tak frae me this gae mantle,  
 And bring to me a plaidie,  
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,  
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

## IV.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
 And my good lord beside me :  
 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.

## V.

Come to your bed, says Johnny Faa,  
 Oh come to your bed my deary ;  
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your Lord shall nae mair come near ye.

## VI.

I'll go to bed to my Johnny Faa,  
 I'll go to my bed to my deary ;  
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,  
 That my Lord shall nae mair come near me.

## VII.

I'll make a hap to my Johnny Faa,  
 And I'll make a hap to my deary,  
 And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
 And my Lord shall nae mair come near me.



## VIII.

And when our Lord came hame at een,  
 And speired for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
 She's away with the gypsie laddie.

## IX.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready ;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I'll gae seek my fair lady.

## X.

And we were fifteen well made men,  
 Altho' we were na bonny ;  
 And we were a' put down for ane,  
 A fair young wanton lady.

## Old CHIRON.

## I.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,  
 I'll tell thee, young gentleman, what the Fates  
 will is.

You my boy must go  
 (The gods will have it so)  
 To the siege of Troy ;

Thence never to return to Greece again,  
 But before those walls to be slain.

## II.

Let not your noble courage be cast down,  
 But all the while you ly before the town,  
 Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry :  
 You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

N n 2

## BOTTLE and FRIEND.

## I.

SUM up all the delights  
 This world does produce,  
 The darling allurements  
 Now chiefly in use,  
 You'll find if compar'd,  
 There's none can contend  
 With the solid enjoyments  
 Of bottle and friend.

## II.

For honour, for wealth,  
 For beauty may waste ;  
 These joys often fade,  
 And rarely do last ;  
 They're so hard to attain,  
 And so easily lost,  
 That the pleasure ne'er answers  
 The trouble and cost.

## III.

None but wine and true friendship  
 Are lasting and sure,  
 From jealousy free,  
 And from envy secure ;  
 Then fill all the glasses  
 Until they run o'er,  
 A friend and good wine  
 Are the charms we adore.

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, *Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

## I.

ON Whitfunday morning  
 I went to the fair,  
 My yellow hair'd laddie  
 Was selling his ware :

He gied me sick a blyth blink  
 With his bonny black eye,  
 And a dear blink and a fair blink  
 It was unto me.

## II.

I wist not what ail'd me  
 When my laddie came in,  
 The little wee flarnies  
 Flew ay frae my een;  
 And the sweat it dropt down  
 Frae my very eye-brie  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## III.

I wist not what ail'd me,  
 When I went to my bed,  
 I tossed and tumbled,  
 And sleep frae me fled.  
 Now its sleeping and waking  
 He is ay in my eye;  
 And my heart play'd ay  
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

## ROGER and DOLLY.

As Dolly was milking of the cows,  
 Young Roger came tripping it over the plain,  
 And made unto her most delicate bows,  
 And then he went tripping it back again;  
 My pretty sweet Roger, come back again;  
 My pretty sweet Roger, come back again;  
 For it is your company that I do lack,  
 Or else my poor heart will burst in twain.  
 I winna come back, nor I canna come back:  
 I winnot, I cannot; no, no, not I:  
 And if 'tis my company that you do lack,  
 You may lack it until the day you die.

Oh ! do you not mind the curds and cream,  
 And many a bottle of good March beer ?  
 When you was going along with your team ?  
 And then it was Dolly my own sweet dear ;  
 But I winna come back, nor I canna come back, &

The INVOCATION.

I.

YE powers that o'er mankind preside,  
 And pity human woes,  
 My steps to some retirement guide  
 That no disturbance knows.  
*Ye powers, &c.*

II.

There let my soul forget her pain,  
 Restor'd to blissful peace again ;  
 Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,  
 To feel the sorrows of the great,  
*To feel the sorrows of the great.*

The VIRGIN's Choice.

I.

VIRGINS, if e'er at last it prove  
 My destiny to be in love,  
 Pray with me this good fate :  
 May wit and prudence be my guide  
 And may a little decent pride  
 My actions regulate.

II.

If e'er I an amour commence,  
 May it be with a man of sense,  
 And learned education ;  
 May all courtship easy be,  
 Neither too formal, nor too free,  
 But wisely shew his passion.



## III.

May his estate be like to mine,  
That nothing look like a design  
To bring us into sorrow.  
Grant me but this that I have said,  
And willingly I'll love a maid  
No longer than to-morrow.

Still he's the MAN.

## I.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free  
Yet do all I can,  
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,  
Still, still he's the man.  
They tell me at once, he to twenty will swear:  
When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?  
So when you have said all you can,  
Still,—still he's the man.

## II.

I caught him once making love to a maid,  
When to him I ran,  
He turn'd and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd upbraid  
So civil a man?  
The next day I found to a third he was kind,  
I rallied him soundly, he swore I was blind;  
So let me do what I can,  
Still,—still he's the man.

## III.

All the world bids me beware of his art:  
I do what I can;  
But he has taken such hold of my heart,  
I doubt he's the man!  
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,  
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,  
Who can do more than they can,  
He,—still is the man.

## AN OLD CATCH.

BLESSINGS be wi' old Symon,  
 For he made cans to many a one,  
 And a good old man was he ;  
 And Jenkin, was his journeyman,  
 And he cou'd tippie off ev'ry can :  
 And thus he said to me :  
 To whom drink you, Sir Knave ?  
 Turn the timber like the lave ;  
 Ho ! jolly Jenkin,  
 I spy a knave in drinking ;  
 Come, troll the bowl to me.

## The COBLER's Merits.

*Tune, Charming Sally.*

OF all the trades from east to west,  
 The cobbler's past contending,  
 Is like in time to prove the best,  
 Which every day is mending.  
 How great his praise, who can amend  
 The soles of all his neighbours,  
 Nor is unmindful of his end,  
 But to his last he labours !

## The COBLER's Happiness.

*Tune, Come let us prepare.*

I.

LET matters of state  
 Disquiet the great,  
 The cobbler has nought to perplex him ;  
 Has nought but his wife  
 To ruffle his life,  
 And her he can strap, if she vex him.

## II.

He's out of the power  
Of Fortune, that whore,  
Since low as can be she has thrust him :  
From duns he's secure,  
For being so poor,  
There's none to be found that will trust him.

## The Honourable SUPPORT.

I Hate the coward tribes,  
Who, by mean sneaking bribes,  
By tricks and disguise,  
By flattery and lies,  
To power and grandeur rise.  
Like heroes of old,  
Be still greatly bold ;  
Let the sword your cause support ;  
Never learn to fawn,  
And never be drawn  
Your truth to pawn  
Among the spawn  
Who practise the frauds of courts.

## SELF, the Prime Mover.

*Tune, Hunt the Squirrel.*

THE world is always jarring,  
This is pursuing  
T' other man's ruin ;  
Friends with friends are warring  
In a false cowardly way,  
Spurr'd on by emulations,  
Tongues are engaging  
Calumny raging,  
Murders reputations,  
Envy keeps up the fray.

Thus, with burning heat,  
 Each returning hate  
     Wounds and robs his friends  
         in civil life;  
     Even man and wife  
 Squabble for selfish ends.

The Spotless VIRGIN.

*Tune, my deary, if thou die.*

PURE as the new-fall'n snow appears  
 The spotless virgin's fame;  
 Unfully'd white her bosom bears  
     As fair her form and fame;  
 But when she's soil'd, her lustre greets  
     The admiring eye no more;  
 She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,  
 And swells the common shore.

WORTH of WINE.

*Tune, Let's be jovial.*

I.

'Tis wine that clears the understanding  
     Makes men learn'd withouten books,  
 It fits the general for commanding,  
     And gives sengers fiercer looks.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,  
     Heightens beauties of the fair:  
 Truth from fallshood it discovers,  
     Quickens joys and conquers care.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*



## III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,  
 Fit us for all glorious things ;  
 When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire  
 At flights, above the reach of kings.  
*With a fa, la, la, la, &c.*

## IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,  
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;  
 None to flinch till they empty,  
 And full fifty toasts gone round.  
*With a fa la, la, la, &c.*

## WOMEN Compar'd to CHINA.

*Tune, Pinks and Lilies.*

## I.

A Woman's ware, like china,  
 Now cheap, now dear is bought ;  
 When whole, though worth a guinea,  
 When broke's not worth a groat ;  
*When whole, &c.*

## II.

A woman at St James's,  
 With hundreds you obtain ;  
 But stay till lost her fame is  
 She'll be cheap in Dury-lane.  
*She'll be cheap, &c.*

## Slow Men of LONDON.

## I.

THERE were three lads in our town,  
 Slow men of London :  
 They courted a widow was bonny and brown,  
 Yet they left her undone.

## II.

They often tasted the widow's chear,  
 Slow men of London ;  
 Yet the widow was never the near,  
 For still they left her undone.

## III.

They went to work without their tools,  
 Slow men of London ;  
 The widow she sent them away like fools,  
 Because they left her undone.

## IV.

Blow, ye winds, and come down, rain,  
 Slow men of London :  
 They never shall woo this widow again,  
 Because they left her undone.

## FOLLOW YOUR LEADER.

*To the foregoing Tune.*

THE manners of the great affect ;  
 Stint not your pleasure :  
 If conscience had their genius checkt,  
 How got they treasure ?  
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,  
 Careless who is undone :  
 Morals and honesty leave the poor,  
 As they do at London.

## The PIMP and POLITICIAN Parallels.

Tune, 'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town.  
 IN pimps and politicians  
 The genius is the same :  
 Both raise their own conditions  
 On others guilt and shame :  
 With a tongue well tipt with lies  
 Each the want of parts supplies ;  
 And with a heart that's all disguise  
 Keeps his schemes unknown.

Seducing as the devil,

They play the tempter's part,  
And have, when most they're civil,  
Most mischief's in their heart.

Each a secret commerce drives,  
First corrupts, and then connives,  
And by his neighbour's vices thrives,  
For they are all his own.

PHILANDER and AMORET.

I.

WHEN gay Philander fell a prize  
To Amoreta's conqu'ring eyes,  
He took his pipe, he sought the plain,  
Regardless of his growing pain;  
And resolutely bent to wrest  
The bearded arrow from his breast.

II.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,  
Be Cupid and his bow defy'd;  
But as gales obsequious flew,  
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,  
He did unknowingly repeat,  
*The breath of Amoret is sweet.*

III.

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,  
And warbling nightingales reply'd;  
Their sounds in rival measures move,  
And meeting echoes charm the grove:  
His thoughts that rov'd again repeat,  
*The voice of Amoret is sweet.*

IV.

Since every fair and lovely view  
The thoughts of Amoret renew,  
From flow'ry lawn and shady green  
To prospect gloomy change the scene:  
Sad change for him! for sighing there,  
He thought of lovers in despair.

## V.

Convinc'd the sad Philander cries,  
 Now, cruel god, assert thy prize ;  
 For love its fatal empire gains,  
 Yet grant in pity to my pains,  
 These lines the nymph may oft repeat,  
 And own Philander's lays are sweet.

## The WIT and the BEAU.

Tune, *Bright Aurelia.*

## I.

WITH every grace young Strephon chose  
 His person to adorn,  
 That by the beauties of his face  
 In Sylvia's love he might find place,  
 And wonder'd at her scorn.

## II.

With bows and smiles he did his part,  
 But oh! 'twas all in vain ;  
 A youth less fine, a youth of art,  
 Had talk'd himself into her heart,  
 And would not out again.

## III.

With change of habits Strephon press'd  
 And urg'd her to admire ;  
 His love alone the other dress'd,  
 As verse or prose became it best,  
 And mov'd her soft desire.

## IV.

This found, his courtship Strephon ends,  
 Or makes it to his glass ;  
 There in himself now seeks amends,  
 Convinc'd that where a wit pretends,  
 A beau is but an ass.



## The NURSE's Song.

*Tune, Yellow Stockings.*

## I.

HEY! my kitten, a kitten,  
 Hey my kitten, a deary;  
 Such a sweet pet as this,  
 Is neither far nor neary:  
 Here we go up, up, up;  
 Here we go down, down, downy;  
 Here we go backwards and forwards,  
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

## II.

Chicky, cuckow, my lily cock;  
 See, see, sic a downy;  
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,  
 And hey for Dublin towny.  
 This pig went to the market;  
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;  
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,  
 And her thy own dol dousy.

## III.

Where was a jewel and petty,  
 Where was a fugar and spicy;  
 Hush a baba in a cradle,  
 And we'll go abroad in a tricy,  
 Did-a-papa torment it?  
 Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?  
 Hush a baba in a bosie;  
 Take ous own fucky; did-e?

## IV.

Good-morrow, a pudding is broke;  
 Slavers a thread o' crystal,  
 Now the sweet posset comes up;  
 Who said my child was pifs'd all?  
 Come water my chickens, come clock,  
 Leave off or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;

Come, gie me your hand, an I'll beat him;  
Wha was it vexed my baby?

V.

Where was a laugh and a crow;  
Where was, was a gigling honey?  
Goody, good child shall be fed,  
But naughty child shall get nony.  
Get ye gone, raw-head and bloody-bones—  
Here is a child that wont fear ye.  
Come pissy, pissy, my jewel,  
And ik, ik ay, my deary.

### The MAGPIE.

I.

Good people, draw near,  
A story ye's hear,  
A story both pleasant and true;  
Which happened of late,  
And's not out of date;  
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was of an old cobler,  
Who soa'd shoes at Dubler,  
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barley;  
And then with his wife,  
As dear as his life,  
When drunk, he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they say,  
Being drunk on a day,  
His wife she did murmur and chat;  
This cobler, they say,  
Did thrash her that day,  
And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

IV.

He had a magpie,  
That was very sly,  
And us'd for to murmur and chat;

Who soon got the tone,  
 Before it was lang,  
 Of, What a pox wad ye be at?

## V.

And this magpie,  
 Who was so very fly,  
 He into a meeting-house gat;  
 And as the old parson  
 Was canting his lesson,  
 Cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

## VI.

The parson surpris'd,  
 Did lift up his eyes:  
 Now help us, pray, Father, in need:  
 For Satan, I fear,  
 Does visit us here;  
 So help us, pray Father, with speed.

## VII.

The parson again,  
 Began to explain  
 To those around him that sat;  
 But Magpie indeed  
 Flew over his head,  
 And cry'd, What a pox wad ye be at?

## VIII.

Then the parson did skip  
 Five yards at a leap,  
 From his pulpit quite down to the floor;  
 And left every saint  
 Quite ready to faint,  
 Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

## IX.

Then some without hats,  
 And some without hoods,  
 Then out of the meeting house gat;  
 And Magpie happ'd after,  
 Which caused much laughter,  
 Crying, What a pox wad ye be at?

## X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,  
 Who thought to controul,  
 Look'd Magpie quite full in the face,  
 Said, Satan, how dare  
 You thus to appear  
 In this our sanctify'd place?

## XI.

But Magpie he pranc'd,  
 He skipp'd and he danc'd,  
 And out of the meeting-house gat;  
 And all the way long,  
 He kept up his song,  
 O a, What a pox wad ye be at?

## A good Excuse for DRINKING.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair,  
 With drinking to excess;  
 I should not want to drown despair,  
 Were your indifference less.  
 Love me, my dear, and you shall find,  
 When thus excuse is gone,  
 That all my bliss when Chloe's kind,  
 Is fix'd on her alone.  
 The god of wine the victory  
 To beauty yields with joy;  
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,  
 When Ariadne's coy.

## MASON'S Song.

*Tune, Leave off your foolish prating.*

## I.

WE have no idle prating  
 Of either Whig or Tory,



But each agrees  
To live at ease,  
And sing, or tell a story.

## CHORUS.

*Fill to him to the brim ;  
Let it round the table roll ;  
The divine tells you, wine  
Chears the body and the soul.*

## II.

We will be men of pleasure,  
Despising pride or party ;  
Whilst knaves and fools  
Prescribes us rules,  
We are sincere and hearty.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## III.

If any are so foolish  
To whine for courtiers favour,  
We'll bind him o'er  
To drink no more,  
Till he has a better favour.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## IV.

If an accepted mason  
Should talk of high or low church  
We'll set him down  
A shallow crown,  
And understanding no church.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## V.

The world is all in darkness :  
About us they conjecture ;  
But little think  
A song in drink  
Succeeds the mason's lecture.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

## VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hog'shead,  
And in the corner place it ;

Till it rebound  
 With hollow sound;  
 Each mason here shall face it.  
*Fill to him, &c.*

The Frugal MAID.

I.

I am a poor maiden forsaken,  
 Yet I bear a contented mind ;  
 I am a poor maiden forsaken,  
 Yet I'll find another more kind :  
 For altho' I be forsaken,  
 Yet this I would have you to know,  
 I ne'er was so ill provided,  
 But I'd two'r three strings to my bow.

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,  
 But his scorn I cou'd never endure ;  
 Nor yet to that height of perfection,  
 For his slights to love him the more.  
 I own he was very engaging,  
 Yet this I would have you to know,  
 I ne'er was so ill provided,  
 But I'd two'r three strings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,  
 And are unto loving inclin'd,  
 Men's minds they are subject to changing,  
 And wavering like the wind ;  
 Each object creates a new fancy :  
 Then this I would have you to do ;  
 Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,  
 And keep two'r three strings to your bow.

## DAMON's Picture of CELIA.

Tune, *Down the burn, Davie.*

## I.

Assist your vot'ry, friendly Nine,  
Inspire becoming lays ;  
Cause Celia's matchless beauty shine,  
Till heaven and earth shall blaze.  
She's pleasant as returning light,  
Sweet as the morning-ray,  
When Phæbus quells the shades of night  
And brings the chearful day.

## II.

Her graceful forehead's wondrous fair,  
As purest air serene ;  
No gloomy passion rising there,  
O'ercast the peaceful scene :  
Her small bright eye-brows finely bend,  
Transport darts from her eyes ;  
The sparkling diamond they transcend,  
Or stars which gem the skies.

## III.

A rising blush of heavenly dye  
O'er her fair cheek still glows ;  
Her shining locks in ringlets lie,  
Well shap'd and siz'd her nose ;  
Her smiling lips are lovely red,  
Like roses newly blown ;  
Her iv'ry teeth (for most part hid)  
You'd wish for ever shown.

## IV.

Her snowy neck and breasts like glass,  
Or polish'd marble smooth,  
That nymph in beauty far surpass  
Who fir'd the Trojan youth ;  
Her slender waist, white arm and hand,  
Just symmetry does grace :

What's hid from these (if you demand)  
Let lively fancy trace.

## V.

A sprightly and angelic mind  
Reigns in this comely frame,  
With decent ease, acts unconfin'd,  
Inspires the whole like flame :  
Minerva or Diana's state,  
With Venus' softness join'd,  
Proclaim her goddess, meant by Fate,  
Love's rightful queen design'd.

## VI

Good gods ! what raptures fire my soul !  
How flutters my fond heart !  
When tender glaces art controul,  
And love suppress'd impart.  
Propitious pow'rs, make Celia mine,  
Complete my dawning bliss ;  
At monarch's pomp i'll not repine,  
Nor grudge their happiness.

## The NEW LIGHT.

## I.

CELIA, now my heart hath broke  
The bond of your ungentle yoke,  
Dissolv'd the fetter of that chain  
By which I strove so long in vain :  
May I be slighted if I e'er  
Am caught again within your snare.  
*Am caught, &c.*

## II.

In vain you spread your treach'rous net,  
In vain your wily snares are set ;  
The bird can now your arts espy,  
And arm'd with caution, from them fly :  
Some heedless swain your prey may be,  
But sure you're too well known to me.  
*But sure, &c.*



## III.

I with contempt can now despise  
 The treach'rous follies of your eyes,  
 And with contempt can sit and hear  
 You prattle nonsense half a year,  
 And go away as little mov'd  
 As you was lately when I lov'd,  
*As you was, &c.*

## IV.

I wonder what the plague it was  
 That made me such a stupid ass,  
 To fancy such a noble grace  
 In your language, mein, and face,  
 Where now I nothing more can find  
 Than what I see in all your kind,  
*Than what, &c.*

## V.

Thus when the drousy god of sleep,  
 Upon our wearied fancies creep,  
 Some headless piece of image rise,  
 By fancy form'd delude our eyes ;  
 But soon as e'er the god of day  
 Appears, they faint and die away.  
*Appears, they, &c.*

## The FICKLE Fix'd.

## I.

My love was fickle once and changing,  
 Nor e'er would settle in my heart ;  
 From beauty still to beauty ranging,  
 In ev'ry place I found a dart.

## II.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,  
 An eye that gave the fatal stroke,  
 Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,  
 And all my former setters broke.

## III.

But now a long and lasting anguish  
 For Belvidera I endure;  
 Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,  
 Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

## IV.

For here the false inconstant lover,  
 After a thousand beauties shown,  
 Does new surprising charms discover,  
 And finds variety in one.

EXPLA.



A  
 Ab  
 Ae,  
 Aff,  
 Aft  
 Aik  
 Ain  
 Ait  
 Air  
 Aje  
 Ala  
 Am  
 Am  
 Anc  
 Ani  
 Aw  
 Aul  
 Ayo

B  
 Ban  
 Ban  
 Bap  
 Baw  
 Bau

# EXPLANATION

## OF THE

### SCOTS WORDS.

**A** *' all*  
*Abeit, albeit*  
*Aboon, above*  
*Ae, one*  
*Aff, off*  
*Aften, often*  
*Aik, oak*  
*Ain, own*  
*Aith, oath*  
*Air, early*  
*Ajee, aside*  
*Alane, alone*  
*Amaist, almost*  
*Ambry, cupboard*  
*Ane, one*  
*Anither another*  
*Awa' away*  
*Auld, old*  
*Ayont, beyond*

#### B

**B** *A', ball*  
*Baith, both*  
*Bane, bone*  
*Bannocks, oat-bread*  
*Baps, roll-bread*  
*Bawm, balm*  
*Bauk, baulk*

*Bedrals, beadsles*  
*Beet, to help or repair*  
*Bend, to drink*  
*Bennison, blessing*  
*Bent, the open fields*  
*Bewith, somewhat in the*  
*mean time*  
*Birks, birch*  
*Bigg, build*  
*Billy, brother*  
*Binging, becking, beading*  
*Blate, bashful*  
*Blaw, blow*  
*Bleeze, blaze*  
*Blink, glance of the eye*  
*Blutter, blunder*  
*Bode, predict*  
*Bodin, stored*  
*Bot or But, without*  
*Bougils, sounding horns*  
*Bountith, a gratuity*  
*Bowt, a bolt*  
*Brachen, a sort of broth,*  
*Brac, rising-ground*  
*Brankit, primm'd up*  
*Braid, broad*  
*Brandir, a grindiron*

# EXPLANATION OF

|                                          |                                                |
|------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|
| Braw, <i>finely dressed</i>              | Courchea or Curtchea,<br><i>a handkerchief</i> |
| Broach, <i>a buckle</i>                  | Crack, <i>to boast</i>                         |
| Brack, <i>broken parts or<br/>refuse</i> | Creel, <i>basket or hamper</i>                 |
| Brow, <i>the forehead</i>                | Crocks, <i>lean sheep</i>                      |
| Bruik, <i>to love or enjoy</i>           | Croft, <i>corn-land</i>                        |
| Bught, <i>sheep-fold</i>                 | Crouse, <i>brisk, bold</i>                     |
| Burnist, <i>polished</i>                 | Croudy-moudy, <i>a sort of<br/>gruel</i>       |
| Burn, <i>a rivulet</i>                   | Crummy, <i>a cow's name</i>                    |
| Busk, <i>to deck</i>                     | Cunzie, <i>coin.</i>                           |
| But and ben, <i>be out and<br/>be in</i> |                                                |
| Byer, <i>a cow-house.</i>                |                                                |

## C

CA', *call*  
 Cadgie, *cheerful*  
 Caff, *calf, Id chaff,*  
 Canna, *cannot*  
 Canker'd, *angry*  
 Canny, *cautious, lucky*  
 Carlings, *old women, Id.  
boiled pease*  
 Cauld, *cold*  
 Cauler, *cool, fresh*  
 Cawk, *chalk*  
 Clag, *failing or imperfec-  
tion*  
 Clat, *a rake*  
 Claichs, *cloaths*  
 Clashes, *tittle tattle*  
 Clock, *a beetle*  
 Cockernony, *the hair  
bound up*  
 Cod, *a pillow*  
 Coft, *bought*  
 Cogg, *a wooden dish*  
 Coof, *a blockhead*  
 Coots, *joint of the ancle*

## D

D Affin, *folly,*  
*wantonness*  
 Dast, *mad, foolish*  
 Dawt, *fondly caress*  
 Dight, *to wipe*  
 Dinna, *do not*  
 Ding, *beat*  
 Dool, *trouble*  
 Dosend, *frozen, cold*  
 Dorty, *haughty*  
 Dow, *can Id. dove*  
 Downa, *cannot*  
 Dowf, *spiritlefs*  
 Doughtna, *could not*  
 Dowy, *weary, lonely*  
 Drant, *to speak slow*  
 Dramock, *cold gruel*  
 Drap, *drop*  
 Dwining, *decaying*  
 Dunting, *beating*  
 Dulce and tangle, *sea-  
plants*  
 Durk, *a dagger.*

## E

E Ard, *earth*  
 Een, *eyes*



# THE SCOTS WORDS.

Ecild, *age*  
 Eith, *easy*  
 Elding, *fuel*  
 Eem, *cousin*  
 Ettle, *aim*  
 Eydent, *diligent.*

## F

**F**A', *fall*  
 Fadge, a coarse sort  
 of roll bread  
 Fac, *foe*  
 Fand, *found*  
 Fangle, Newfangle, *fond*  
 of what's new  
 Farles, *thin oat cakes,*  
 Fash, *trouble*  
 Faufe, *false*  
 Faut, *fault*  
 Fee, *wages*  
 Feirs, *brothers*  
 Fendy, *active, industrious*  
 Fenzie, *fain*  
 Ferley, *wonder*  
 Fey, *attended by a fatality*  
 Flee, *fly*  
 Flouks, *flounders*  
 Flyte, *to scold*  
 Fog, *moss*  
 Fore, to the fore, in be-  
 ing or lasting

Fourth, *plenty*  
 Frae, *from*  
 Frasing, *babbling with a*  
*foolish wonder*  
 Fou', or fu' full.

## G

**G**Ab, *the mouth*  
 Gabocks, *large*  
*mouthfuls*

Gaberlunzie, *a wallet that*  
*hangs on the side or loin*

Gae, *gave, Id. go*  
 Gane, *gone*  
 Gar, *make or cause*  
 Gawfy, *jolly, large*  
 Gate, *way*

Gawn, *going*  
 Gawd, *gall'd, Id. goad*

Gawky, *empty, foolish*  
 Gawnt, *to yawn*

Geck, *to flout and jeer*

Genty, *small and neat*

Gin and gif, *if*

Glaive, *a sword*

Glaikit, *idle and rompish*

Glee, *joy*

Gleed, *squinting*

Glen, *a hollow between*  
*hills*

Gloyd, *an old horse*

Glowr, *to stare*

Gowk, *the cowkow Id. a*  
*fool*

Gowping, *handful*

Graip, *to grope, Id. a tri-*  
*dent fork for dung*

Graith, *accoutrements*

Groats, *skinned oats,*

Gutcher, *grandfather.*

## H

**H**A', *ball*  
 Hae, *have*  
 Hat, *half*

Hagies, *a boiled pudding*  
*made of a sheep's pluck*  
*minced with sewet*

Halucket, *light-headed,*  
*whimsical*

# EXPLANATION OF

Hale, *whole*  
 Haly, *holy*  
 Hame, *Home*  
 Hames and Brechoms,  
     *wore about the neck of*  
     *a cart-horse*  
 Hawse, *embrace*  
 Heefe, *to lift*  
 Hecht, *promised*  
 Heugh, *any steep place*  
 Hodle, *to waddle in walk-*  
     *ing*  
 Hoden, *coarse cloth*  
 Hows, *hollows*  
 Howms, *valleys on river*  
     *sides.*

## I

**J**ee, *to jee back and a-*  
     *gain, the motion of*  
     *a balance*  
 Ill-fard, *ill-favoured, or*  
     *ugly*  
 Ilka, *each*  
 Ilka, *every*  
 Ingle, *fire*  
 Jo, *sweet-heart,*  
 Jouk, *to bow*  
 Ilk, *wearied or tired*  
 Irie, *afraid of ghosts*  
 Ithogles, *icicles*  
 Ise, *I shall*  
 Ither, *other.*

## K

**K**airn, *or cairn, heaps*  
     *of monumental stones*  
 Kail, *coleworts, Id. broth*  
 Kaim, *comb*

Ke buck, *a cheefs*  
 Keek, *peep*  
 Ken, *know*  
 Kepp, *to catch*  
 Kilted, *tucked up*  
 Kirn, *chirn*  
 Kimmer, *a she-gossip*  
 Kirtle, *upper petticoat*  
 Kurchie, *bankerchief.*

## L

**L** Ag, *to fall behind*  
     *Laigh, low*  
 Lane, *own self*  
 Laith, *loath*  
 Lapperd, *cruddled*  
 Law, *low*  
 Lawty, *justice*  
 Lave, *the rest*  
 Lee, *fallow ground*  
 Leesome, *lovely*  
 Leese me, *a prosed used*  
     *when one loves, or is*  
     *pleased with a person*  
 Leil, *exact*  
 Leugh, *laughed*  
 Lib, *to geld*  
 Lilt, *a tune*  
 Linkan, *to move quickly*  
 Loor, *rather*  
 Loos, *loves*  
 Loun, *a sly wench*  
 Lout, *to bow*  
 Lowan, *flaming*  
 Lown, *calm*  
 Lucken, *gathered toge-*  
     *ther, or close join'd to*  
     *one another*  
 Lyart, *hoary or grey.*

# THE SCOTS WORDS.

## M

**M**Aik, *a mate*  
Mair, *most*

Mait, *most*

Makina, *it matters not*

Main, *morn*

March, *limits or border of grounds*

Marrow, *match*

Maun, *must*

Mawking, *a bare*

Mavis, *a thrush*

Meikle or muckle, *much*

Meise, *move*

Mends, *revenge*

Mense, *manners, Id. to decorate*

Menzie, *a company or retinue*

Milfy, *a search for milk*

Mint, *attempt*

Minnny, *mother*

Mirk, *dark*

Mons-meg, *a very large iron cannon in the castle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two people.*

Mou, *mouth*

Moup, *to eat as wanting teeth*

Mouter, *the miller's toll*

Muck, *dung*

Muches, *linnen quofs or hoods.*

## N

**N**A', *and Nae, no, none*

Nees, *nose*

Neist, *next*

Nither, *starve or pinch*

Nowther, *neither.*

## O

**O**E, *grandchild*

Ony, *any*

Owrlay, *cravat*

Owsen, *oxen*

Oxter, *arm-pit.*

## P

**P**Antry, *a buttery*

Pat, *put*

Partans, *crab fish*

Pawky, *cunning*

Paunches, *tripe*

Peat-pot, *peat coal pit*

Pibroch, *a highland tune*

Pickle, *a small share*

Pig, *earthen pot*

Pillar, *stool of repentance*

Pine, *pain*

Pith, *strength*

Plet, *to fold Id. twist*

Poorrith, *poverty*

Pou or pu, *well*

Poufowdy, *ram headed soup*

Prig, *baggle*

Prive, *to prove or taste.*

## R

**R**Air, *roar*

Rashes, *rushes*

Red up, *put in order*

Renzie, *rein*

Rever, *robber*

Risarts, *radishes*

Rife, *plenty*

# EXPLANATION OF

Riggs, *ridges*  
 Row, *roll*  
 Riggs, *ridges*  
 Row, *Roll*  
 Rowth, *wealth*  
 Rude, *cross*  
 Runkled, *wrinkled*  
 Rung, *a club*  
 Rufe or roose, *to praise.*

## S

**S** Ae, *so*  
 Saft, *soft*  
 Sair, *sore*  
 Sawt, *salt*  
 Seim, *appearance*  
 Sell, *self*  
 Sey, *try*  
 Shanna, *shall not*  
 Shangy-mouth'd, or she-  
 vilgabbit, *the mouth*  
*much to the one side.*  
 Sharn, *cow-dung*  
 Shaw, *show. Id. a woody*  
*bank*  
 Shoo, *a shoe*  
 Shoon *shoes*  
 Shore, *to threaten*  
 Shire *thin*  
 A shire lick, *a smart fellow*  
 Sic or sick, *such*  
 Sican, *such an one*  
 Sin or syne, *such*  
 Sindle *seldom*  
 Sinsyne, *since that time*  
 Skair, *share*  
 Skaith, *harm, loss*  
 Skink, *rong, soup*  
 Sma', *small*

Snack, *smart*  
 Snaw, *snow*  
 Sneist, *to snarl*  
 Snifhing, *snuff*  
 Snood, *a head band*  
 Snug, *convenient, neat*  
 Sodden, *boiled*  
 Sonfy, *fortunate, jolly*  
 Sowens, *a kind of lowered*  
*greul, boiled like paste*

Soum of sheep 20  
 Spake, *spoke*  
 Speer *to ask*  
 Spelding, *dried white fish*  
 Stane, *stone*  
 Starns *stars*  
 Steek, *shut*  
 Stend, *stalk, hastily*  
 Stirk, *a young bullock*  
 Stoup, *a prop*  
 Strac, *straw*  
 Streek, *stretch*  
 Stenzic, *to stain*  
 Swats, *small ale*  
 Sweer, *unwilling, lazy*  
 Swither, *in doubt*  
 Seybows, *young onions*  
 Syne, *then.*

## T

**T** Ae, *toe*  
 Tald, *told*  
 Taiken, *token*  
 Tane, *taken Id. the one*  
 Tap, *top*  
 Taulk, *talk*  
 Thae, *those*  
 Tent, *notice*  
 Theyse, *they shall*  
 Thole, *to suffer*



# THE SCOTS WORDS.

Thowless, *spiritlefs*  
 Thud, *noise of a stroke*  
 Tine, *loze*  
 Tint, *lost*  
 Titter, *rather*  
 Tocher, *dowry*  
 Tooly, *fight, contend*  
 Todlen, *a rolling short*  
*step*  
 Touzle, *to ruffle*  
 Trig, *neat*  
 Trow, *believe*  
 Triste, *appointment*  
 Twin, *to part from.*

W

**W**Ad, *would*  
 Wae, *woe*  
 Wale, *to chuse, the choice*  
 Waen, *child*  
 Wallowit, *faded or with-*  
*ered*  
 Wan, *pale, Id. won*  
 Wallop, *gallop*  
 Wame, *womb, belly*  
 Ware, *bestow*  
 War, *worse*  
 Wat, *know*  
 Waws, *walls*  
 Wauk, *walk Id. wake*  
 Wakerife, *not inclined to*  
*sleep*  
 Wear in, *hem in*

Wee, *little*  
 Weind, *thought*  
 Weirs, *wars*  
 Wha, *who*  
 Whang, *a large cut*  
 Whatrecks, *what matters*  
*it*  
 Whilk, *which*  
 Whinging, *whining*  
 Whisht, *hold your peace*  
 Whillywha, *a cheat or bite*  
 Wilks, *periwinkles*  
 Win or won, *dwell*  
 Winna, *will not*  
 Winsome, *handsome*  
 Wist, *know*  
 Withershins, *to move con-*  
*trary*  
 Woo, *wool*  
 Wood, *mad*  
 Woody, *a withy*  
 Wow! *wonderful! Id. ob!*  
 Wylie, *cunning*  
 Wyson, *the gullet*  
 Wyte, *to blame*  
 Unco, *very strange.*

Y

**Y**Ad, *a mare*  
 Yese, *ye shall*  
 Yern, *desire*  
 Yestreen, *yesternight.*

F I N I S.



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ter-row.*

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